

The Sketch

No. 860.—Vol. LXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



OF THE "VENUS" (IN THE SINGULAR): LOOKING FOR THE WIFE?

Photograph by Silk.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



More or Less, You Know.

From the lap of Nature to the lap of Luxury (more or less). From the silence of marsh-land, woods, and meadows to the boom of great guns, the hooting of steamers, the merry rattle of military bands. From the stillness and simplicity of a little country cottage to the carpeted complexities of a large hotel. From the snug, modest little parlour of a country inn to the bewildering splendour (more or less) of a pier buffet. From the quaint chanties of a group of old sea-dogs to the amazing ingenuities (more or less) of a modern music-hall. From a pleasant saunter through copse and past streamlet to the mad speed (more or less) of an Isle of Wight packet. From the restful reticence of pink or blue print gowns to the breath-snatching beauties (more or less) of twentieth-century creations. From the native, rich, deep humour (more or less) of an old-world hamlet to the epigrammatic brilliances (more or less) of a latter-day wit-factory. In short, to be precise, and not to tantalise you further, friend the reader, from the primitive spot I tried to describe to you in my Notes of last week to—Southsea!

The Man with Sixpence.

The drawback to Southsea does not consist, as is the case, we must all admit, with so many seaside resorts, in wondering what on earth to do, but in deciding what to do and what to leave undone. If you attempt to do everything, the result will probably be a sharp attack of brain-fever. In any case, one is sufficiently worried by the profusion of possible entertainments. In the morning, naturally enough, your thoughts turn towards the sea. The sea is a-calling; so are the steamboat companies. Will you, for instance, go to Bournemouth, or Swanage, or Totland Bay, or Alum Bay, or Beaulieu (for the New Forest), or Sandown, or Shanklin, or Ventnor, or Southampton, or Sea View, or Bembridge, or Ryde, or Cowes? Or will you take a voyage round the Isle of Wight? Or will you be content to encircle the battle-ships lying at anchor in the harbour? Phew! Then you have the same problem to solve in the afternoon. Will you listen to the Pierrots, or the concert artists, or the band of the Royal Marine Artillery? Or will you take a drive? Or will you explore the curiosities and historical quaintnesses of old Portsmouth? Before you have made up your mind, in all probability, the evening is upon you, with the King's Theatre a-calling, the Hippodrome a-calling, the Coliseum a-calling, the Theatre Royal a-calling, the skating-rink a-calling, to say nothing of the bands, and Pierrots, and singers aforementioned. What a place!

Loafing Cadgers Fraternity.

Yet Southsea has one drawback in common with the majority of similar English towns; I refer to the plague of loafing penny-snatchers. One cannot walk ten yards along the front without being placed under the tiresome and even painful necessity of refusing to buy picture-postcards, bootlaces, hat-guards, newspapers, and a dozen other doubtless delightful commodities that could be obtained, without the least trouble or nuisance, at a shop. I am always astonished that Town Councils should permit of visitors being pestered in this way. One would have thought that people who wanted to buy picture-postcards or hat-guards or newspapers could get them at shops or bookstalls; as a matter of fact, the loafers are flanked by bookstalls and picture-postcard shops on either hand. Besides, they are so persistent. They follow one for yards, offering, beseeching, and, in the end, almost threatening. It makes one feel churlish to refuse them, and yet it would be obviously absurd to fill one's pockets with all sorts of rubbish for

which one had not the slightest use. As a matter of fact, I never use a hat-guard. If I did, I doubt whether I should use more than, say, three at a time. Perhaps, however, the Town Council imagine that the fraternity of cadging loafers add to the dignity and picturesqueness of the town. They may be right; all these things are just matters of taste.

Whetting the Appetite.

I have made the acquaintance, during these few days, of a very interesting little gentleman from the North of England. After years of honest toil, he has made up his mind, apparently, to see the world, and has begun with Southsea. He disappears every morning immediately after breakfast, and returns in the evening with many stories to tell of adventures in such distant places as Salisbury. Travel on the Isle of Wight boats has giving him a longing to put a girdle round the earth. This desire has been greatly heightened by the purchase of a sixpenny novel, dealing, I understand, with life in Japan. "It's really a fine story," he told me, "Have you not read it? It makes you feel, upon my word, as if you were actually in the country. I've been reading it all the afternoon, and there's still more than half of it to come, I'm glad to say. . . . I think I'll very likely be going to Japan one of these days. I've always wanted to go there, and this story has just put the finishing touch on it. . . . Maybe I'll stay there a couple of years. . . . Maybe I won't come back at all. . . . I shouldn't wonder if I was doing something of that sort one of these days. . . . Yes, I'm very fond of England, but that's not saying that I couldn't get along very well without it. . . . That's a fine book. I'll lend it you as soon as I've read the other half. . ." And then he slipped away to catch the boat for Southampton.

The Newspaper Life.

The return to civilisation involves, to a certain extent, the return to newspapers. I learn, to my amazement, that Mr. Latham has not, up to the moment of writing, flown across the Channel. I felt quite sure that he had done it a week ago. However, it seems that the wife of the proprietor of the hotel at Sangatte has become the mother of twins, and that makes excellent copy to take the place of the Latham boom. In the meantime, I search my newspaper in vain for any mention of that one-time hero, Lieutenant Shackleton. Can it be possible that the reading public has already lost interest in Mr. Shackleton? Mr. Lloyd-George, I see, is still in evidence, although he has left off smiling. I am sorry to hear that Mr. Lloyd-George has left off smiling. Up to this announcement, it seemed as though he had made a corner in British cheerfulness. If he intends never to smile again, then he may as well give us back our beer and tobacco, and let us be as genial as of old. For the rest, one learns that Sir John Bigham, who is determined "to teach those whose business or domestic misfortune brings them underneath his judgment-seat that divorce henceforward is not going to be an easy matter," has been sitting from 10.30 a.m. until 7 p.m. in order to divorce 'em. The wise man does not try to understand these things. He accepts them, calmly, and turns to the next item of intelligence.

A Pretty Syllogism.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has thought out a splendid syllogism in connection with the Suffragettes who are living on skilly, without the benefit of chapel, as a warning not to be naughty in prison. Here it is:

The Suffragettes are political prisoners;

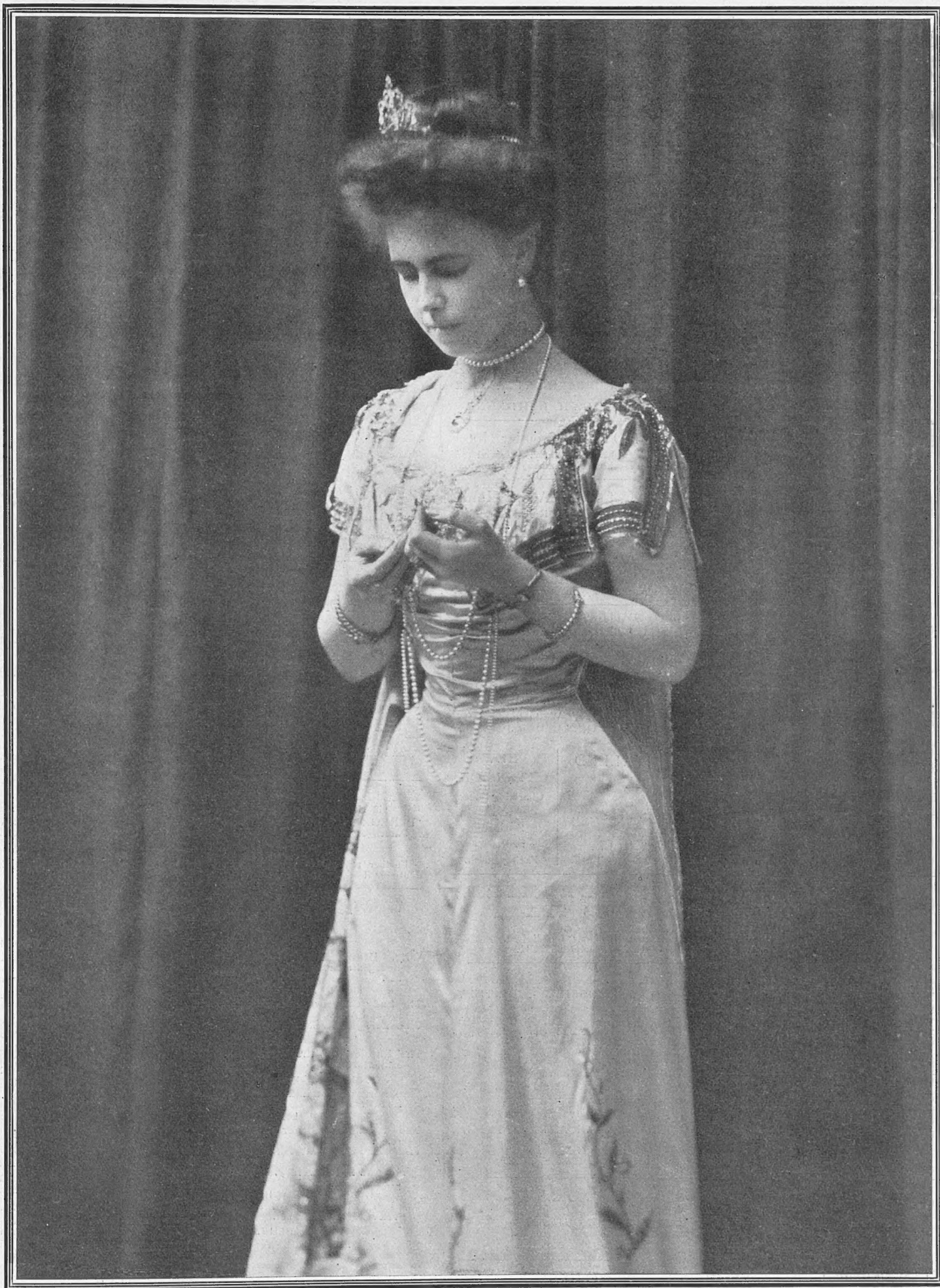
Political prisoners who throw stones or stick forks into the warders, or behave generally in a naughty way are merely guilty of a political offence; therefore,

The Suffragettes should be allowed to behave as they choose.

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THE PRINCESS FOR WHOM THE INFANTE ALFONSO SACRIFICED
HIS TITLES AND DIGNITIES; A GENUINE ROYAL LOVE MATCH.



PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA, WHO HAS MARRIED THE INFANTE ALFONSO OF ORLEANS, WITH THE
RESULT THAT THE KING OF SPAIN HAS DEPRIVED HIS COUSIN OF HIS TITLES.

Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the youngest of the four daughters of the late Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, formerly Duke of Edinburgh, has married the Infante Alfonso of Orleans, son of Prince Antoine of Orleans and the Infanta Eulalia. The wedding took place without the permission of King Alfonso, with the result that the young King of Spain has deprived his cousin of his titles and dignities. The marriage, which was celebrated on Thursday of last week at Coburg, had been contemplated for at least a year, but the difference in the religions of Prince Alfonso and Princess Beatrice caused it to be opposed very strongly, not only by the Prince's family, but by the Pope. The Infante Alfonso is a first cousin of the King of Spain; Princess Beatrice is a cousin of the Queen of Spain.

Photograph by Uhlenhuth.

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Little Things,
b'Jove.

A year or two ago, if you *must* know, I was one of those jokers who could only manage to screw

up a sort of interest in things that were big. I mean by big, sensational things, such as divorces, wars, General Elections, the Derby, and so on, d'y'see—though this I will say, just to show that

although I was infinitely normal I wasn't normally morbid, I brushed murderers aside. What? However, since I fell into the habit of writin', since I outraged all the old-established laws of my class by makin' myself not only a useful but an indispensable member of the public, puttin' 'em right on points of which they were hopelessly ignorant, such as buttons and the width of the trouser, and all those things that go to make life

of psychological dissection, for this dear good joker didn't—keep this in mind—merely do this once, or twice; he did it all the way round, and he does it every time that he plays the most tantalising, easy, difficult, and devilish game ever invented, even by those people who discovered the bagpipe, unblended whisky, and the Scots accent. Can one pile a more appallin' Pelion upon a long-sufferin' Ossa than by the mention of just these three things? Now, not havin' seen this club-cleanin' process before, I was foolishly moved, at first, to idiotic, unintelligent mirth. Later, however, when I recovered from the effects, and looked deeper into the thing, I dug up a very mine of significant clues to the character of this cheery normal soul. I set aside several of our recent winter days to thinkin' most seriously about it, to goin' into it almost sternly, at any rate with great concentration, and I naturally came to the conclusion that a man who can clean his iron himself because it offends him, although it does not in any way put him off his game to see it stained ever so little, was a man worth most careful consideration.

The Brummell of
Golf—if I May
Say So.

neat, orderly, big things of life. I found that all his boots and shoes and even his bath-room slippers are duly jacked; that his dressing-table is a model of propriety, and might be exhibited to young Oxford for their guidance and inspiration; that he winds his watch carefully every night of his life at precisely the same time, precisely the same number of times, keeps his gold in one pocket and silver in the other, always transfers his latch-key from one suit to the next, and can produce his railway ticket on demand without even a moment's hesitation or a moment's perturbation—yes, b'Jove, yes. That emery-paper is not mere emery-paper.

I read into his action many remarkable things, and I found that he is the possessor of a sterling character, that he is punctilious and honourable in all his dealings; that he is neat, orderly, and well disciplined in all little as well as all



EVIDENTLY THE WILBUR WRIGHT OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: A FLYING MAN, BY GIOTTO.
This relief is from the Campanile in Florence.

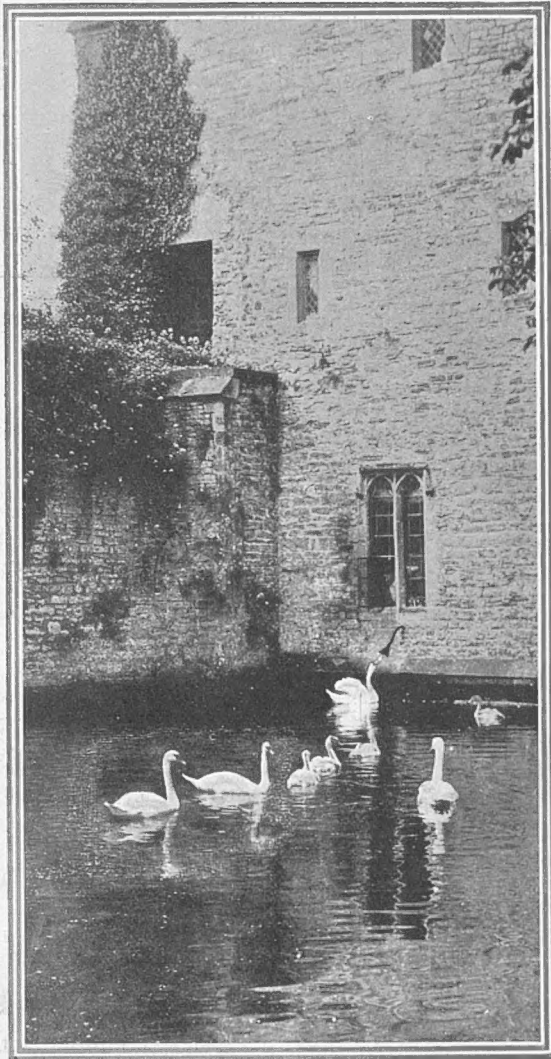
a well-spent, decorative adventure, instead of an egregious incident, I find that the things that give me real joy are not the big, but the little things, the little, charmin' things, the little things that escape the eye of the cove that passes through all his days on the lookout for sensations and oddities—and if that ain't a fine piece of literary writin', find it. Now on. What? For instance, I came across one of these little things the other day, and—simple soul that I am—I was very much touched and charmed by it.

Emery-Paper—So
Called.

I was out of London for the purpose of goin' through a day's hardenin' process, of cultivatin' a lofty and noble sense of dignity under quite abnormal conditions, and of risin' above the very human desire of findin' relief in horrible and ingenious oaths when under goin' great mental torture—must I say that I am referrin' to a round of golf?—must I? And I cut in to a four-ball match with three of the most delightful men extant—men who regard the Royal and Ancient as a serious undertakin', but who play, for all that, with cheeriness, tolerance, camaraderie, and style, never permittin' themselves to lose nerve when tortured by the rough, or to give way to outbursts of vile temper when stymied or when toppin'. In short, men—Englishmen. More fine writin', b'Jove. I am in form. Eh? On again. Well, one of these men—a very, very nice-lookin', well-turned-out, cheery fellow, who had the swing of an Archangel and the stance of a Braid, did a thing, a little thing, a thing which he committed consistently with absolute complacency and unconsciousness, wholly, utterly unaware of its enormous significance, but a thing which instantly delighted me and gave me food for thought which has at last found fruit in this epoch-makin' contribution to the scientific treatises of the day.

A Psychological
Discovery.

After every shot that he made with an iron his hand found its way into the pocket of his quite right flannel coat and brought out a small neat piece of emery-paper. With this, while blandly chattin' on his way to his next stroke, he set to work to polish up the club made just the slightest bit dull or grassy by his shot. Now, be careful. Follow me earnestly. Don't laugh and throw me down, and commit yourself to a flippant or jeerin' remark. This is really a serious piece



SWANS THAT RING A BELL FOR FOOD; SUMMONING THEIR CATERER.

The swans that swim on the moat of the Bishop's Palace at Wells call for food when they are hungry by ringing the bell here shown. Swans were first taught to ring the bell in this manner by Miss Eden, daughter of Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells from 1854 to 1869.

It is the keynote to a mind admirable in its orderliness, to a character exquisite in its exemplariness. No wonder I was touched and charmed, eh?



THE CLUBMAN



Our Flying Man.

"Our flying man" is likely to become before long a recognised celebrity of the English towns on the coast wherever the seas narrow to straits; and our French friends will not be allowed the monopoly of the trial flights. I have no doubt that, before the autumn has run its course, Dover and Folkestone will have aeroplane-sheds on their grassy forelands; and when La Manche is looked on as an easy flying-"ground" the next strip of sea to be conquered will be the Irish Channel. Dear, darling, dirty Dublin should already be thinking what inducement it should offer flying men to take wing at Holyhead and alight at the Phoenix Park.

Flying-Grounds.

Until I walked over a flying-ground in process of preparation, in company with one of the gentlemen who hopes this summer to fly the Channel, I had no idea of the care that has to be taken in paving the way. I need hardly say that this flying-ground was in France, for we in England have as yet only one space especially prepared for the soaring and landing of aeroplanes, whereas France has half-a-dozen. The great "bird," before it rises, runs for twenty or thirty yards on bicycle-wheels, and when it descends, going at thirty or forty miles an hour, it ends its flight by another run. If it lands on ground cut up by ditches, or even by ruts, or if hedges are in its way, this run on landing is apt to be the most dangerous portion of the flight. On the flying-ground that I inspected, a large space of crushed shells and sand had been rolled as smooth as a billiard-table in front of the air-ship shed, and all the ditches and little pools near the spot where the flying man would try to land had been carefully filled in. As yet, an aeroplane is like a bird that has no brain.

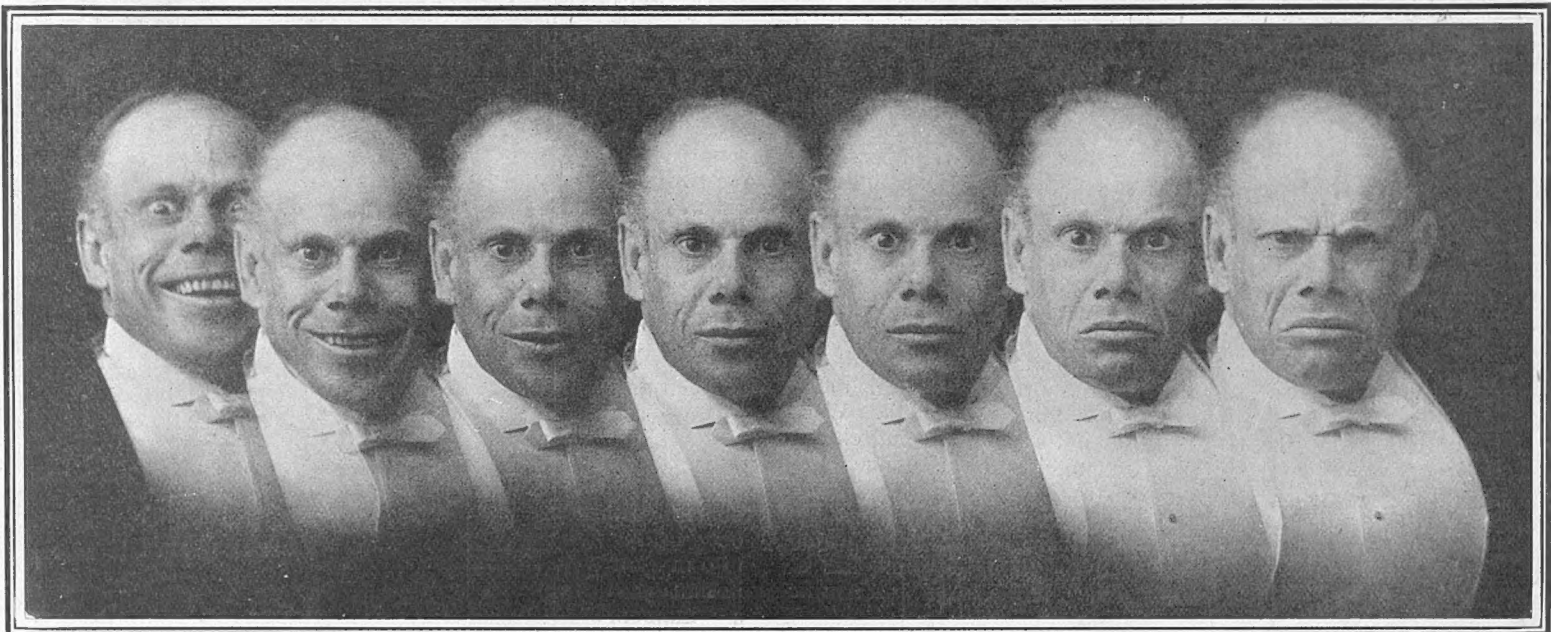


THE FIRST NEGRO WOMAN TAXI-DRIVER: A SENEGALESE ON A PARIS CAB.

sunrise is the perfect flying-time. Sunset is the next best time; but it is about four a.m. that the flying men go to their sheds, and wait for that hush which comes just before the sun lifts, hoping then to have the two hours of quiet which Nature generally allows herself after dawn. I fancy that in the future most of the great flying feats will be performed before good citizens lying abed have opened their eyes. Wind is the flying man's enemy, and every one of the flying fraternity with whom I have talked has told me of the invisible air-currents and of the whirlpools of the heavens, more dangerous than any of the snares of the seas that they may encounter even on an apparently calm day. One of the essentials of a perfect flying-ground is that it should be sheltered from winds, and the cover the Pyrenees give to the ground at Pau makes the valley there the favourite flying-place of all the winged men of Europe and America.

Developing a Type.

The flying man is developing into a special type, and a decidedly pleasant type. He has to live a very frugal life, for directly a flying man puts on weight he falls out of the front rank. As an aeroplane should not carry an ounce of unnecessary weight, he has to keep very early hours, and he has to possess the nerve of an explorer, for he continually finds himself face to face with unknown problems and difficulties, which he has to counter in a moment or come crashing to the ground. The typical flying man is as lean as a greyhound; he has a sailor's eyes and is very grave. The man who takes his life in his hands every day at dawn is not a man who can afford to hear midnight chime in merry company. Above all, the flying man is no boaster. He is very silent and very modest.



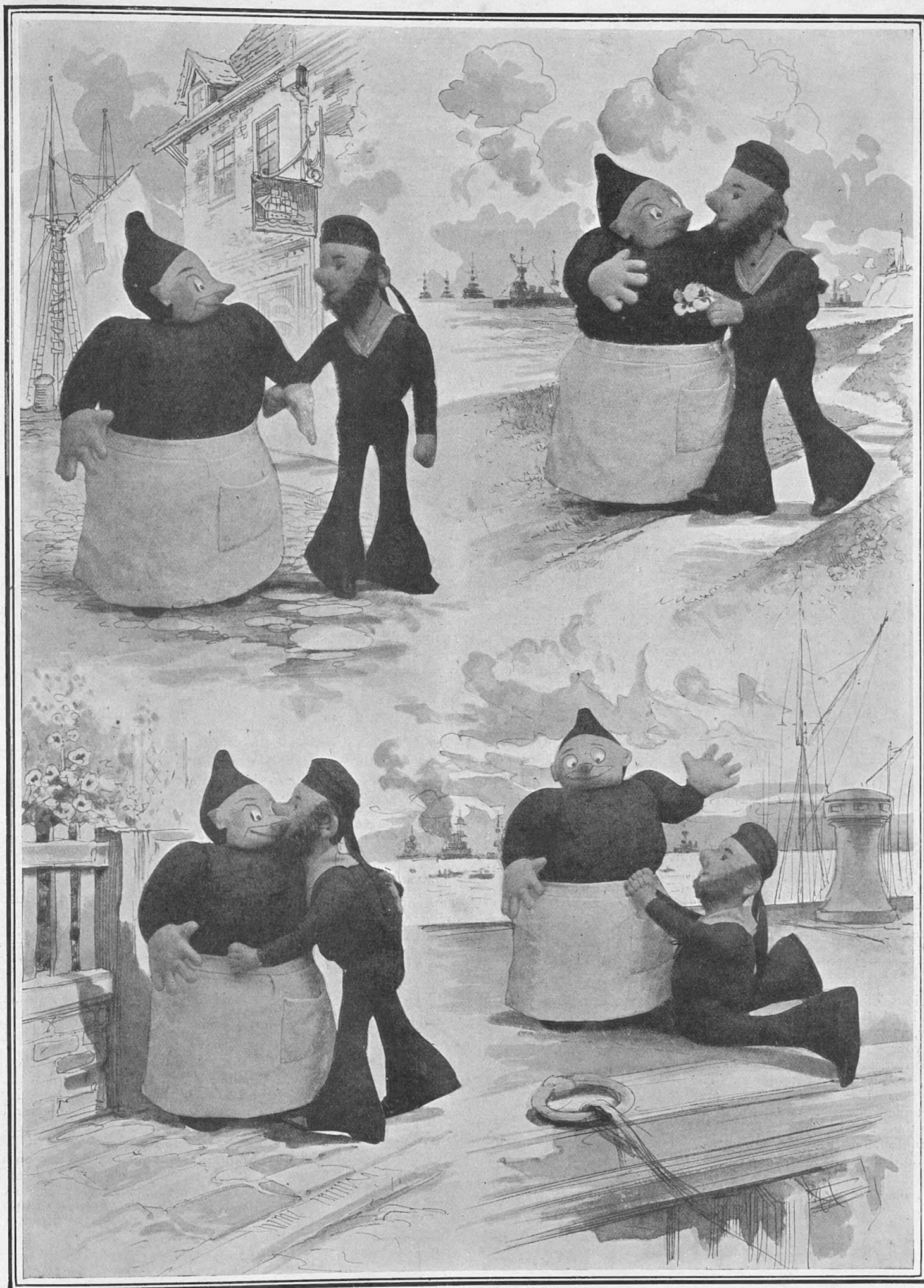
FACING THE AUDIENCE: STUDIES IN EXPRESSION BY MR. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

Mr. Wilder, an excellent teller of stories with a particularly mobile face, is appearing at the Palace.

The man in the seat can partially supply the missing sense, but he cannot make his seagull check its flight before it comes to the ground. When the flying man is an attraction of all our pleasure-resorts and watering-places, as he assuredly will be, we shall have to get up very early to see him at his best, for

Whether the Wrights struck this note of silence and simplicity, and the other flying men took it up, or whether it comes as a result of the flying man's daily work I do not know, but it is a pleasure to find that the newest of all the professions produces such modest, pleasant gentlemen.

THAMES SIDE: A LIBERTY MAN.



IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY! UNOFFICIAL MANŒUVRES.

Photographs by Bolak.



MR. P. J. MURRAY,

Only son of the late Colonel Murray, of Frith Hall, Godalming, who is to marry Miss Josephine Hooker to-day (Wednesday).

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

marriage was a hospital; and ever since the King and Queen have been indefatigable in their care and tenderness for the ailing. Millions have been subscribed, enormous endowments have been given, entirely owing to our Sovereign's enthusiasm for medical research—research he himself profited by on the occasion of his perilous illness in Coronation Year.

A Blenheim Blend. If incongruity be the soul of wit, that was a very witty party at Blenheim which included Lord Charles Beresford and one of his ablest opponents in the

Press, Mr. J. L. Garvin. Sundays are proverbially dull in country

houses, but surely the palace that held these two opposing forces must have been lively enough; nor was the Sabbath peace, nor any head, broken. "Sonny," as the Duke of Marlborough is called by his friends, in allusion to his Earldom of Sunderland, was a very happy host that day, especially as he could take all the credit for the *coup* to himself, and carried it off without the help of that feminine tact which is generally supposed to be essential to the success of a blending of incompatibles at a week-end house-party. The Duchess of Marlborough is herself the briskest of hostesses, fully

MRS. VICTOR WELLESLEY, FORMERLY MISS ALICE LESLIE STEPHEN, whose marriage to Mr. Victor A. A. H. Wellesley, son of Colonel the Hon. Frederick Wellesley and Baroness von Koeller, took place yesterday (Tuesday).

Photograph by Lafayette.

conscious of the value of the conversationalist. Mr. Garvin is a brilliant talker, and in support of the theory that your editors are the fast bowlers of conversation in any week-end team, so is Mr. Harry Cust. He also has been entertaining and entertained at Blenheim, where he met the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Lord and Lady Granard, and Lord and Lady Curzon.

"The Busiest Week of the Season." This is generally considered to be the busiest week of the waning season, the week when each evening brings a series of smart dances and parties, as well as outdoor fêtes and charity functions. Even in view of the dismal weather we have been having there is a long list of important functions, including several at which royalty will be present. Politics will be prominent at the Mansion House when

SMALL TALK

THE laying of the first stone of the new King's College Hospital, at Denmark Hill, by the King and Queen recalls the fact that our Sovereign has during the course of his now long life done more than any monarch, dead or alive, has ever done to relieve the lot of the suffering poor. One of the first institutions visited by the then Prince and Princess of Wales

the Chancellor of the Exchequer is being entertained on Friday, and the political hostesses on both sides are giving great parties to their husbands' supporters and their wives. Society, in a general sense, will manifest enthusiasm for the Fleet, and will muster at Southend and all along the coast at that point, parties being entertained on most of the yachts which have steamed



MISS JOSEPHINE HOOKER,

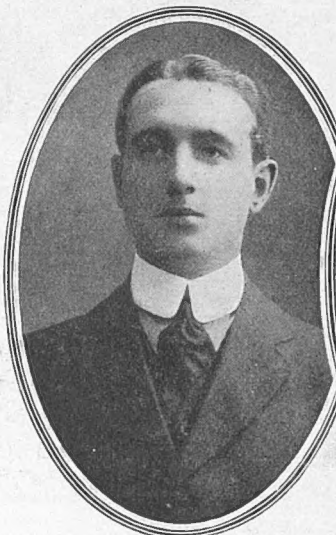
Granddaughter of Sir Joseph Hooker, whose marriage to Mr. P. J. Murray takes place to-day (Wednesday).

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

and sailed round in honour of the naval gathering.

Persuasion and the Publisher. The Fresh Air Fund has been

greatly augmented by the matinee given by American theatrical artists, and random American visitors have also been caught in Charity's net. An enterprising cleric stationed in the fat neighbourhood of Charing Cross has been canvassing the hotels and experiencing various degrees of resistance to his entreaties. "But why should I help English children to enjoy English fresh air? I have American charities on the



LIEUTENANT ERIC C. NELIGAN, OF H.M.S. "TRITON," AND

MRS. ERIC NELIGAN (FORMERLY MISS LEILA FITZGERALD),

Daughter of Colonel Sir Charles and Lady Alice Fitzgerald, whose wedding took place yesterday (Tuesday) at All Saints', Eastbourne.

Photographs by Mme. Pestel, Eastbourne.



other side," protested Mr. Putnam, the publisher, when he was accosted. "And what have you done for me? I came on Monday, go on Saturday; I have not been near a church, and need neither to be christened nor married." "But did you die to-morrow, we would give you decent Christian burial," answered the Churchman, and pocketed a subscription.

Pa and Ma.

The Earl of Mar and Kellie, the new Brigadier of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, counts among his many Scottish possessions an earldom created by Mary Queen of Scots, a

number of Stuart and Jacobite relics, and several "lengths" of Scottish tweed fresh from Stafford House! His father wrote the pamphlet "Are there two Earls of Mar?"—a question that is answered in the flesh, at the present moment, by two lively noblemen; but the Earl of Mar has not complicated the present season by his duplicating presence in London, having been travelling on the Continent with his wife, the Countess. When Sir Francis Burnand, who can never let a name go by without flicking a pun at it, heard that a Father Anderledy, a Jesuit, had distinguished himself, he said that if he called at the *Punch* office and sent in his name to the editor, the order would most certainly be, "Show them up." Perhaps he would have given, with a double significance, the same cordial reply if the office-boy had announced, "Mar and Kellie to see you, Sir."



MRS. R. RONALD HENDERSON,

FORMERLY MISS MARGARET DASHWOOD, Daughter of Sir George and Lady Mary Dashwood, whose wedding took place yesterday (Tuesday).

Photograph by Gabell.



MR. W. F. L. TOTTENHAM, OF THE IMPERIAL FOREST SERVICE, AND LADY CLEMENTINA MAUDE,

Granddaughter of the late Lord de Montalt, whose wedding is to take place to-morrow (Thursday).—[Photographs by Langflier.]



P'SHAW (BERNARD) :

"PRESS CUTTINGS."



1. MR. BALSQUITH, THE PRIME MINISTER (MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE), FEARING THE ADVENT OF SUFFRAGETTES, TAKES REFUGE UNDER A DESK.

2. MR. BERNARD SHAW, THE AUTHOR OF "PRESS CUTTINGS."

3. MR. ROBERT LORAIN AS GENERAL MITCHENER.

4. GENERAL MITCHENER IS HELD UP BY WOMAN MILITANT — LADY CORINTHIA FANSHAWE (MISS ETHELWYN JONES) AND MRS. BANGER (MISS ALICE BEET).

Again Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Censor have fallen foul of one another, with the result that the dramatist's latest work, "Press Cuttings," was produced privately at the Court Theatre, Mr. Redford having refused to license it on the ground, it is said, that it burlesques well-known public men. Many of those who have seen the play argue that there is in it no more in the way of burlesque than there is in, say, an ordinary "Punch" column; consequently a number seek to prove that its prohibition marks yet another nail in the Censor's coffin.



MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Edward does not fear it. A rude Viennese telegram suggests that the rumoured visit to the Austrian Emperor is postponed because it would necessitate a further interview with the Emperor William. Such a telegram can only give annoyance to everybody concerned, and his Majesty not unnaturally resents its publication, and especially its pretended familiarity with his attitude towards his Germanic nephew.

Born in the (Political) Purple. The birth of a little daughter to Mr. Winston Churchill brought congratulatory messages from all over the country to the brilliant young statesman and his beautiful wife. This important baby is indeed born in the political purple; her parents have relations in each of the great camps, and it is quite possible that by the time little Miss Churchill is ready to make her debut her father will be installed at No. 10, Downing Street. Mrs. Winston Churchill has herself had a most interesting life: through her mother she is a granddaughter of Blanche, Lady Airlie, whose name constantly occurs in the memoirs of the late nineteenth century, for she was a friend of both Carlyle and Professor

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THE reports and counter-reports concerning the King's visit to Ischl leave the matter in some uncertainty, but it is probable that his Majesty will not disturb, for the present, "the tremendous solitude in which Francis Joseph lingers on in the chill and gloomy rooms of the stately Hofburg." Such is the case of the Emperor of Austria as given in M. de Weindel's newly published "Life"; and certainly it is not an inviting one. But his solitude is picturesque rather than real, and King

as did those of Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, in an American magazine, for our Transatlantic cousins have an insatiable curiosity concerning the British aristocracy.

The Brass Plate. The Prince of Wales' autumnal visit to the Earl and Countess of Powis bodes ill for the pheasants of the Powis estates, for his Royal Highness is counted a more than ordinarily good shot. The castle, a splendid antique building, has been in the hands of

the Herberts for many centuries, and has grown quite familiar with its title, although it bears no brass plate upon its front door, after the manner of the Powis mansion in Berkeley Square. There "The Earl of Powis" proudly faces the only other establishments in the square that sport the owners' names, and these happen to be a confectioner's and a news-vendor's. The late Lord Powis set the brass-plate fashion, but his son is the only nobleman who has followed it.

A Hostess of Royalty. Lady Dickson-Poynder, with whom the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia have been staying for the week-end at Hartham Park, is an intellectual as well as a very pretty member of Society. Her mother, Mrs. Robert Dundas, had at one time quite a salon in Edinburgh, and Lady Dickson-Poynder, not content with being an enthusiastic motorist and sportswoman, is keenly interested in literature and art. She is a great reader, and the motto on her bookplate consists of the rather enigmatic phrase: "The soul is not where it lives, but where it loves." Hartham Park is a very beautiful place not far from Horsham; it is noted for its lovely garden and fine golf-course.



THE MISTRESS OF WALCOT PARK.
MRS. QUENTIN DICK.

Mrs. Quentin Dick, whose wedding was one of the smartest functions of last autumn, is one of the loveliest of younger Society matrons, and her jewels are unrivalled. In the country she is mistress of Walcot Park, a charming old home filled with the Oriental curiosities and marvels brought together by the great Lord Clive. Mr. Quentin Dick is a keen sportsman; his shooting parties have always been famous, and they are likely to be even more popular now that he has a beautiful young wife to help him to do the honours of his country home. They are both keenly interested in racing, and Mrs. Quentin Dick has been seen at the more important meetings this spring.—[Photo Bassano.]

Jowett. Mrs. Churchill is one of a group of lovely cousins, which includes Lady Middleton and the witty, as well as beautiful, Lady Grove.

Churchill Births and Berths. The house in St. James's Square that has been appropriated by the newly founded Empire Club is very much in the painters' hands, and the gloomy chambers in which many Churchill days were passed are being besplashed with brighter hues. The Churchill scene is changed and Eccleston Square is now the centre of congratulation.

A Versatile Countess. Even in these days of versatility the palm must certainly be given to Lady Warwick; she herself is fond of saying that no woman in the world has had a more interesting life. And now comes the announcement—unofficial, 'tis true—that the beautiful Countess is writing her memoirs. Lady Warwick has already written several books showing the wide range of her sympathies and tastes, and her memories should be singularly interesting. Should she be actually engaged on her Recollections, it is very probable that they will appear,



A HOSTESS OF ROYALTY: LADY DICKSON-POYNDER.

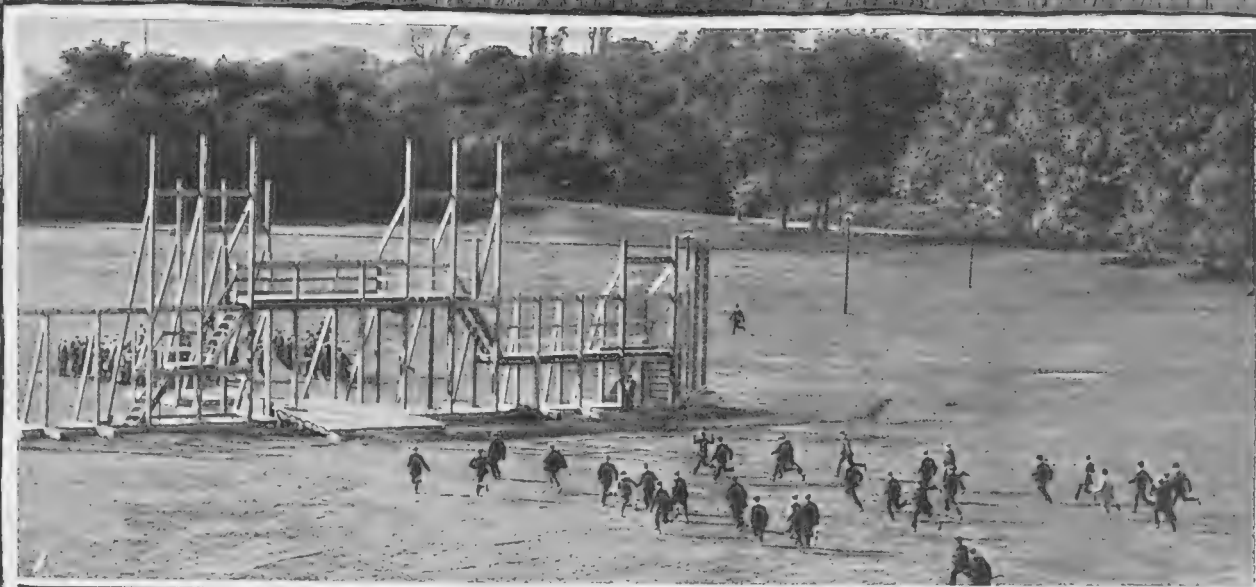
Photograph by Lallie Charles.



THE FAIREST SOCIALIST OF THEM ALL: LADY WARWICK.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

THE WELSH PAGEANT: THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF ITS REHEARSALS.



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1. THE SACK OF CARDIFF CASTLE—BY MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL (WELSH) FOOTBALL TEAM.
2. MISS LILIAN COSSLETT AS THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.
3. MR. T. H. THOMAS, A CHIEF, DECLARING WAR AGAINST THE ROMANS.
4. A SCOUT FALLS EXHAUSTED AFTER BRINGING NEWS OF THE ROMAN ADVANCE.
5. FAIRIES FORMING A MAP OF WALES.

The Welsh National Pageant, which is to be given at Cardiff, promises to be of the greatest interest. It is to begin on July 26, and will conclude on Aug. 7.

Photographs by Halftones.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

The Prohibited Shaw.

Was the performance of "Press Cuttings" really prohibited or not? According to Mr. "G. B. S.," the everlasting Censor had fixed his canon 'gainst "Press Cuttings," but I have read a letter from Mr. Anning saying that it was not prohibited at all. Yet the Afternoon Theatre withdrew it and returned money—much money, I hear—so there seems something of a mystery. Probably the solution is that Mr. Redford was willing to pass it if Mr. Shaw would omit certain lines, which consequently, of course, seemed to the author to be of vital importance. The anti-Redfordites are cock-a whoop, since they fancy that the prohibition will be the last nail in the Censor's coffin. I notice that even the papers which generally support the Lord Chamberlain find it difficult to excuse his attitude as regards this piece, and it must be remembered that the ban has cost the Afternoon Theatre a good deal of money. What a farce that almost immediately a society—created, I fancy, for the purpose—could present the work to anybody willing to subscribe to it the amount which he would have had to pay, in a vulgar way, as the price of a seat. "Press Cuttings" is not Mr. Shaw at his best: he is a sort of Aristophanes in a hurry. We welcome anybody who whips society with laughter, but demand a little more pains on the part of the author than our popular dramatist is willing to take. He ought to have a kind friend with unlimited authority and unstinted blue pencil. Such a friend might have made a masterpiece out of "Press Cuttings" and its impudent humours. "G. B. S." gives credit to us for having more alertness of mind than some of us possess, and there were passages which we could puzzle out by the aid of the printed book, but which were baffling when we merely heard them, although we heard them very well, for the players, judging by their performance, revelled in their task. "Press Cuttings" was only just in time—one of the main subjects of its humours is dead, for a time at least, despite the eloquence of Lord Roberts (the "Old Red," I fancy, of the play) and Lord Milner, who may be an element in the name "Mitchener." The House of Lords has voted against compulsory military service, which is not surprising, if it intends to throw out the Budget Bill, for it will need every possible element of popularity in the strife that follows. These humours were perhaps the least satisfactory. Mr. Ernest Cosham acted cleverly as the reluctant Orderly, and sometimes was amusing, but his suggestions that his relatives and friends despised him because he was a soldier fell rather flat. Indeed, many of the audience did not believe in them. The work is a fantastic, often witty,



"OUR AMELIA": MISS AMELIA BINGHAM, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE PALACE IN "BIG MOMENTS FROM GREAT PLAYS."

Miss Bingham, who is known familiarly to American audiences as "Our Amelia," will describe and act, at the Palace, critical situations from plays that have been popular during the last four or five years. She made a great hit in "The Climbers."

Photograph by Sareny.



A DOG THAT PLAYED A TITLE-RÔLE: LOP, THE TERRIER THAT APPEARED WITH MR. LAURENCE IRVING AND MISS MABEL HACKNEY IN "THE DOG BETWEEN."

"The Dog Between," a one-act play, was given by Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving and their terrier at the matinée held the other day at the Criterion Theatre under the auspices of the Theatrical Anti-Vivisection League.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

extravaganza on the Female Suffrage question. The author once more showed his amazing gift for turning all ideas into ridicule, and at the same time seeming to present every aspect of a subject impartially. The way in which he converted the ferocious "shoot them down" Mitchener into a tame person who was not a Suffragette, but was an opponent of the Anti-Suffragettes, proved to be very amusing, and the burlesque conclusion, involving his marriage with the War Office charwoman, as the only woman capable of enabling him to stand up against Mrs. Banger, head of the very militant Anti-Suffragettes, was legitimately entertaining. What an opportunity it has been for people to make fun, or what they think fun, of "G. B. S.," because his humour has run riot, and there are some rather silly things in the work. His diabolical cleverness seems to make everybody anxious to throw bricks at him, and, above all, to pretend that he is not really very clever. No doubt he has a rather painful way of exhibiting his brains, peculiarly offensive to people who believe in the foolish proposition that genius is always modest; but "Press Cuttings," though affected by the author's common error of being too lengthy and too uncritical of himself, is quite amusing, and makes one think. I wonder whether Mr. Shaw was pleased by the acting. Probably not, since it is a kink in his character to distrust the players if they delight the audience.

Yet no human being, I imagine, could help admiring the superb performance of Mr. Loraine as Mitchener, and Miss Agnes Thomas was at least perfect in the part of the Charwoman. Mr. Leon Quartermaine represented Balthuz cleverly, and Miss Ethelwyn Jones made quite a hit in representing the Egeria of the Prime Minister.

"The Bonnet Conspirators."

Miss Violet A. Simpson, author of "The Bonnet Conspirators," produced by Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter at the Court, is apparently a beginner. Certainly she failed to recognise the rule that you must never puzzle your audience; for most of us were puzzled during the play concerning an episode in 1815. Moreover, there was too much talk about dress in it—talk probably not very interesting even to the ladies, since it had no bearing upon the preposterous fashions of to-day. Miss Simpson has some talent, of which she is unable to take full advantage; but a time may come when she will write a play more thrilling than "The Bonnet Conspirators," though dealing with a less exciting period. Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter played the leading part with a great deal of ability; and, since she possesses personal charm, we ought to hear more of her.

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INCAPACITATED IN TOE - TOE.



THE MOTORIST (*who has run over a stone-breaker's toe*): What! You' want £500 for a crushed foot?

Nonsense! I'm not a millionaire.

THE PESSIMISTIC STONE - BREAKER: No, an' I ain't no bloomin' centipede, either.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



The Mackintoshes Greek.

A classical Greek in a modern mackintosh! It sounds incongruous. It was, however, on one occasion realised by Mr. George R. Foss, who produced the "Electra" of Sophocles last week for the students of Bedford College. Mr. Foss is the producer-in-ordinary to the Oxford University Dramatic Society. On the occasion to which reference is made, he was acting regularly instead of only occasionally, as now, and he was one of the principal members of a company of pastoral players gathered together by Mr. Ben Greet. The play was "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Mr. Foss was acting one of the young men. A stage had been erected in a pretty wooded spot, with real trees growing through the boards, which were strewn with grass, while banks for the lovers to sleep on were artificially made, covered with green, and placed in convenient positions. Unfortunately, there came a torrent of rain, and everything was soaking wet. To go to sleep on those sodden banks was to court disaster, influenza and rheumatism combined. The scene could not be cut. It had to be played. Demetrius and Lysander rose to the occasion. They got their mackintoshes from the dressing-room, draped them over their shoulders; and, wearing them as cloaks, bravely walked on to the stage. During the course of the scene they took them off and placed them on the banks. Then they returned to the dressing-room, borrowed another couple of mackintoshes, and in the next scene they wore them as they had done the others. When the sleeping scene came there were dry things for Helena and Hermia, as well as their lovers, to lie upon. The damp must have got into the dreams of one of the girls, however, for in her sleep she sneezed most realistically, to the sympathetic delight of the audience, who, provided with umbrellas and mackintoshes, bravely sat through the performance, which was otherwise distinguished by the representative of one of the clowns, a great advocate for archaeological accuracy in classical costume, appearing in American snow-boots, worn over his sandals to prevent his feet getting wet!

Threatened with Death by Fire and Water.

To be threatened with death by burning and drowning within twelve hours is an experience which rarely fall to the lot of one man. When he was a provincial actor, and shared lodgings with a friend, it was the experience of Mr. Henry Vibart, who, since its production, has played in "What Every Woman Knows," which Mr. Frohman is about to withdraw from the Duke of York's, while its popularity is undiminished, in order that it may take its place in the repertoire of his promised Répertoire Theatre. Mr. Vibart's catastrophe happened in Greenock, where he was acting. One day he and his friend sculled across the Firth to Craigendoran. Before they started to return, a squall sprang up, and there was a very nasty, heavy sea, which they were at first disinclined to face, as it was a cross-voyage of five or six miles.

Eventually, however, they pushed off. It was a long pull and a strong pull, but not a pull all together, for Mr. Vibart's friend, instead of sculling, was kept busy all the time bailing out the boat with an empty meat-can. Finally, the idea of a straight run home had to be abandoned, and they began to beat up the Clyde at an angle and back again. Long before they reached their destination, they were wet to the skin, and thoroughly exhausted, but they eventually got back in good time for the performance. After supper, just as Mr. Vibart lit his pipe, he thoughtlessly threw his match into the fireplace. There was a flash and a roar which sent his friend to the other end of the

room. It was summer time, and the grate was full of gaudy paper decorations, the inflammable nature of which he had quite overlooked. In a moment the paper decorations caught fire and set light to the drapery around the mantel, which, in turn, lighted the draperies on the piano, a lot of grasses, and the window curtains and hangings, which were all as dry as tinder. The blaze even set light to the wooden mantel, photograph-frames, and other things in the room. For nearly ten minutes, Mr. Vibart had a lively time beating out the flames, tearing down the curtains, and doing everything he could to prevent the house being burned down. When, eventually, the fire was extinguished, Mr. Vibart opened the window to let in some fresh air. Through the smoke came the sad, reproachful voice of his friend: "Laddie, you tried to drown me this morning, and now you've tried to burn me up. I'll get rooms for myself after this." And he did.



PLAYING AT THE PALACE IN THE PANTOMIME "LA MAIN": MME. CHARLOTTE WIEHE.

Mme. Wiehe, the well-known Danish actress, appeared at Buckingham Palace before the Queen last week and gave a number of Danish, French, English, and American songs. It is claimed for her that she has received more royal commands on the Continent than any other actress of the younger generation.

Meum et Tuum. Miss Gladys Morris, who has been playing in "Brewster's Millions," which finished its run at Wyndham's on Saturday, has travelled far in the pursuit of her profession. Once, when touring in India, an amusing incident, which shows the value of the native point of view, happened to her.

While visiting Lucknow, a friend lent her his pony-trap and native groom. The day she arrived she wanted to drive herself to lunch with a certain lady who may be called Mrs. X. She therefore ordered the groom to bring the trap round, and getting into it, she said, as she gathered up the reins, "X Memsahib," intending him to show her the way. The man replied "Yes, Miss Sahib!" and they started. He directed her, and she drove right up to the door of a bungalow, alighted, and two native servants advanced to meet her. Miss Morris said "X Memsahib," and they said "Yes, Miss Sahib." She followed them into the drawing-room, prepared to greet her hostess cordially, when who should enter but the man who had lent her the trap! "Why are you here?" she gasped. "Where is Mrs. X?" He laughed and replied, "Well, you see, this happens to be my bungalow." The native groom had one idea—that of his master—and as Miss Morris could not speak Hindustani, he naturally directed her to his master's house. The result was she was half-an-hour late for her call on Mrs. X.

MIXED MYTHOLOGY: CULLED FROM THE CLASSICS.



V.—HIS MAJESTY'S MOLARS (BY MUSTARD OUT OF MOUSETRAP) ROMPS HOME AT 6 TO 4 ON
IN THE 3.30 (MARTYR'S STAKES) RACE.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Essay.

People have various wrong ideas about essays. One is that the essay must be necessarily a precious and careful piece of work, and that anything in the form of an essay which is not precious and careful is merely an "article." That was why we used to hear that "the essay was dead." Preciousness is out of fashion, and it is not a careful age; and therefore the definition excluded nearly everything that was written. But the idea is wrong. Some of the best essays in the language are neither precious nor careful, though they might have been better still had more care been taken with them. A newspaper article is an essay, though it may be—and I fear generally is—a bad essay. As for the essay being dead, that is absurd. So long as people write at all, and there are writers who cannot or do not express themselves in verse, novels, or plays, essays must be written. It may have been true—as, perhaps, it was meant—that books of essays are not popular; but the insolent folly of such a criterion for the existence of an art needs no demonstration. As a matter of fact, at present essayists are popular: Mr. Chesterton, for example, who is certainly popular, writes essays almost exclusively. Another wrong idea is that an essay must be a long affair; but that, of course, is confined to ignorant people who have not read essays—who have not read Charles Lamb, for example. It is an idea which prevails among publishers, if I may judge from the experience of a friend who, having promised a publisher to give him a book of essays, was assured when he presented it that it contained "only articles," because the essays were not "long enough for the *Quarterly*." Poor Charles Lamb!

A New Essayist.

In acclaiming a new essayist, therefore, I am not hailing a solitary figure in the wilderness. He joins a fairly numerous company, even in the present, and it is my deliberate opinion that he should rank already among the best of them, and my sincere hope that he will go much further still. He is Mr. Frederick Manning, and his book is called "Scenes and Portraits" (John Murray). He has thoughtfulness, understanding, imagination, and a grave charm of manner. The form he has chosen is the dramatic or quasi-dramatic form of dialogue. It is a form, truly, in which there are great masters—Plato, Lucian, Landor. In our own time the late George Steevens wrote in it (for we may include the dramatic monologue) what I shall always think his finest work in literature—"Monologues of the Dead." M. Anatole France has used it for some of his most fascinating work. I think that if Mr. Manning fulfils his promise his name will be remembered in literature when people talk of the masters. I am glad I have on my side in this appreciation a critic of rare judgment, who, indeed, told me to read the book, and who, no doubt, will express the appreciation for himself much better than I. Mr. Manning, I have heard, is a

young man—a really young man, not a young man of forty, but in the blessed twenties. So much the better for him. At present this fact makes it inevitable that he should be imitative: every young writer of parts is imitative at first. He himself says that Rénan has been his principal influence, and in one of his best essays, "The Paradise of the Disillusioned," that master converses with the late Leo XIII. I imagine that M. Anatole France has inspired him a good deal. His "The Friend of Paul," in which Serenus gives his impressions of the Apostle, recalls M. France's immortal dialogue in which Pontius Pilate appears.

Humour is not the gift of the young, and we cannot expect much of it from Mr. Manning—we cannot expect M. France's from anybody; but humour put aside, the study is by no means unworthy of the inspiration. To me the most attractive part of an attractive book is "The King of Uruk," which contains a fanciful explanation of the story of Adam—one which would have been thought daring fifty years ago, but now would hardly shock a dignitary of the Church. I hope, with great confidence, that this brilliant and thoughtful young writer will go on from strength to strength.

I see there has been a bit of a pother again about the prices of books. "People know the price of everything and the value of nothing," said Oscar Wilde; but apparently publishers have not known the right price of their wares. Mr. Heinemann is of opinion that the price should be lower—at least in the case of fiction—and as my opinion of Mr. Heinemann is that he knows his business remarkably well, lower, I suppose, it will be. I think it should be lower for everything, with the exception of books really costly to produce and those written for a few experts only. If a publisher can sell one thousand copies of a book, he would sell ten thousand if the price were lower—provided he knew his business of "pushing" it. Let it be done.

A book which could hardly have been cheap, on account of its great number of

excellent illustrations, is "Spain: a Study of her Life and Arts," by Royall Tyler (Grant Richards). You must get it from the library, anyhow if the subject attracts you; and if it does not, Mr. Tyler will cause it to do so. Much of it is technical, for Mr. Tyler is an expert in architecture; but even that is lucid and interesting, and much of it is of an interest both general and extreme. Spain was once the country of all others outside their own attractive to Englishmen; and the attraction has been kept up, but, as Mr. Tyler says, on a false theory of what Spain really is. He differs from his predecessors in thinking Castile and Aragon, not the Moorish Andalusia, the most interesting part of Spain, because—but you must read for yourself. It is a book which will certainly be a "standard work" on Spain, but, unlike some standard works, is fascinating as well as profitable reading. Mr. Tyler has a pen.

N. O. I.

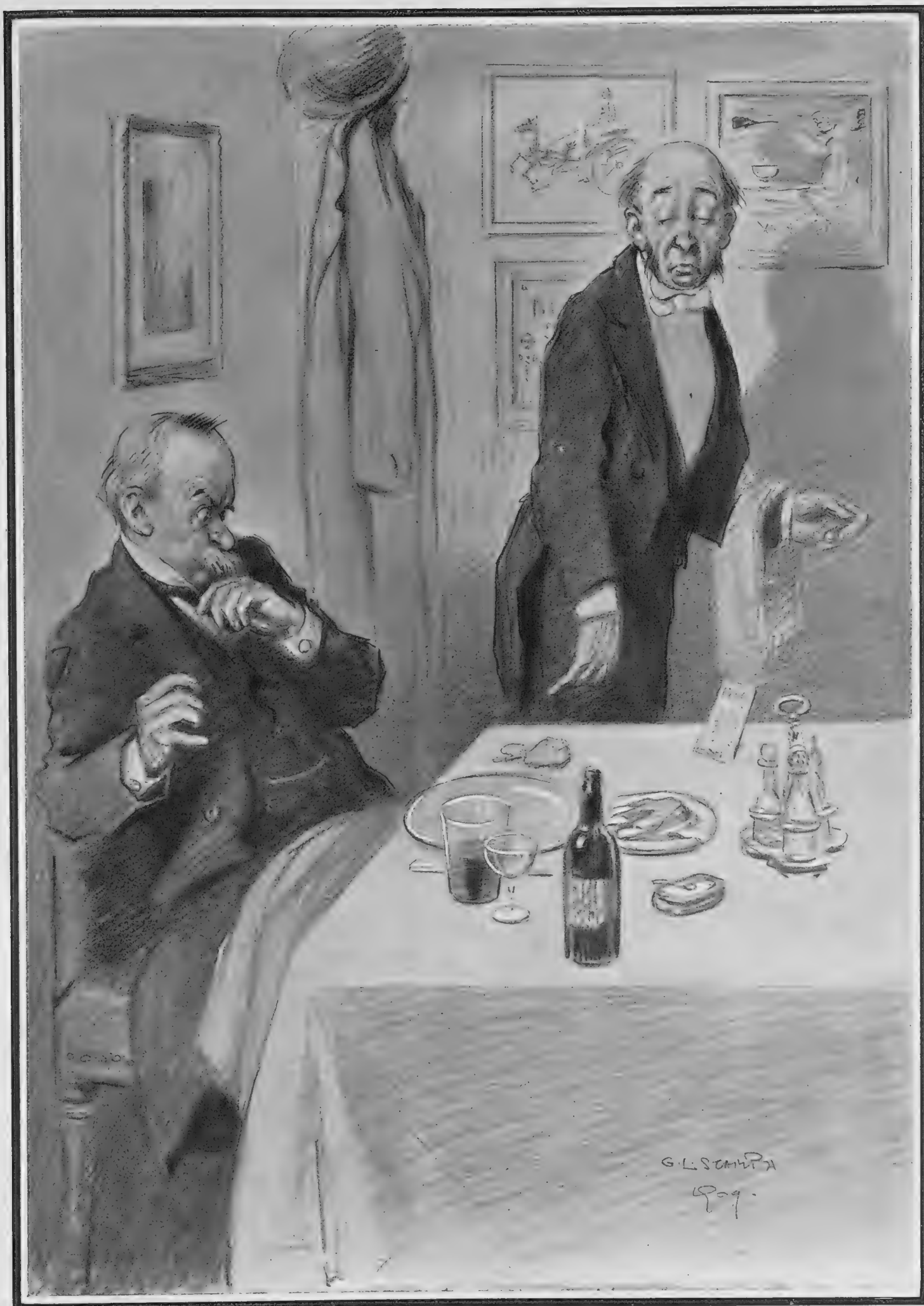


NEWSPAPER BOY (to the old gentleman who has been lunching not wisely but too well, and is suffering from indigestion): Lunch scores, Sir?

THE OLD GENTLEMAN: Confound it, yes; but what the dickens has it got to do with you?

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

GOOD OLD CAMEMBERT AGAIN!



JOHN: I'll bring you a fork, Sir.

THE CUSTOMER: What for?

JOHN: The Camembert, Sir.

THE CUSTOMER: A fork's no good. Bring a revolver.

DRAWN BY G. L. SAMPA.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

HOW HE CAME BACK.

By G. B. LANCASTER.

THE sea was green oil, with a white surf where the little trading-steamer's screw churned it up. The wind was dead and the sun a brass ball; and for'ard the sweating Kanaka crew were sprawling in the shade of the starboard bulwarks, too limp to swear or to growl.

The first engineer came up the companion and passed to the waist, where a couple of tarpaulins had been rigged over a cane bed. The figure on the bed lay very still, and the engineer halted, cocking his eyebrows at the man on a biscuit-box by the bedside.

"Conscious yet, Jim?" he asked.

"Sometimes. He's been talking——"

"Talking?" The engineer's blurred eyes showed pity. "I know he has. And making more than one of us ache, too. Nothing like delirium for stripping the veneer off a man. But, Lord! he's only a boy! What have you been letting him do with himself down in Fiji, Jim?"

The man looked away. For what he had done he would answer to the boy only—and one other.

"His face tells enough . . . and his talk, don't they?" he said curtly.

The figure on the bed stirred, and the sunken eyes opened.

"Jim . . . is it the sea again? Where are we——?" The voice faltered, and Jim raised the boy deftly, wetting the lips with condensed milk from a pannikin.

"If you'd skip, Hurst," he said very low; "I've got something to tell him."

The engineer hesitated, then turned.

"Don't tell him too much, or you'll kill him," he said.

But Jim was bending with lips close to the boy's ear.

"Tommy; it's all right, old chap. We're going home."

"Home!" A thread of strength ran into the weak voice. "Jim, you brute, I won't go home. I can't. The mater . . . she'd never forgive me. Jim——"

Followed a babble of incoherent curses, and Jim's face set into deeper lines.

"She'll forgive you, Tommy lad. She loves you. And the blame's mine. She trusted you to me."

"Rot! I've got pluck enough—to know—that a man must answer—his sins——"

Jim pulled the helpless head up against his breast, and set the pannikin-rim between the trembling lips.

"Get outside some more o' that . . . then you've got pluck enough to face your mother, Tommy."

"No. She won't forgive. God won't forgive. Curse you . . . if you'd let me peg out down there——"

Jim looked at the lines that vice had scored on the young face. He remembered the clean wide life of the cattle camps from whence he had taken Tommy first, and he remembered the sinful Fijian den from whence he had taken him last. Between those days he had lost his own soul and found it again. But for Tommy there was only the loss.

"Kid," he said, "if you've messed up your life, what do you think of me who showed you the way—knowing what you'd do with it, too?"

"You couldn't know. I didn't until——" He shivered, thinking of the night when Jim had found him. "You're a better man than I am," he said.

"Better!" Jim's laugh was hard. "Better! Tommy, I've been a devil to you. But if I can believe that there's forgiveness for me——" He broke off, his skin burning and his voice uneven. Not to anyone could this man speak out his heart-thoughts.

The boy twisted, looking up with fierce, despairing eyes.

"Believe? How can a man believe in anything? Jim, I'm afraid to live because I might see—the mater again; an' I'm afraid

to die because I might see God. And there is no forgiveness—for me. Jim, can't you do anything—or say anything? Jim——?"

His thin fingers gripped into Jim's wrist, and for an instant the wide, garish stretch of sea and sky went black to the elder man. For the soul of Tommy Deland had been his charge as it would be his punishment, for this world and the next. He heard the boy's heavy breathing against his shoulder, and the oily crash of the swell, and the mutter of the Island talk for'ard; but he had not any words at all.

"Jim . . . for Christ's sake . . . Jim, am I going to die? Oh, I'm afraid! I'm afraid . . .!"

Down in the pit that he had dugged himself Jim had found God and his own soul. He did not speak of it, for some things are sacred even to a man who has broken most of the Commandments. But a stronger force than his own desire compelled him now. He held the boy close, speaking in low, earnest words, until the heavy lids drooped and peace came to the tortured face. Then Jim laid him back on the pillows and stood up, looking forward to the far-off Australian shore.

"God!" he said. "If I can take him back—to her, and to understanding."

The days followed nights as red-hot and as breathless. The decks sweated tar and the fruit-cargo began to smell putrid. Tommy lay under the awnings still, and there were very many times when Jim, half-stripped, and blackened by the heat, feared that he would lose the boy, body and soul. For there was no hope left in Tommy, no strength, no desire. And it is a bitter thing to fight for a man who will not fight for himself.

On a still, purple night, with Rockhampton on the bow and the Barrier Reef behind, Tommy woke to hear the look-out call "Shark!" He smiled, seeing Jim turn from the gleam of white belly over-side.

"For me," he said. "But you won't let him have me, Jim? We'll be in 'to-morrow, and I'd like to be buried at home . . . the mater mightn't mind that."

Jim caught Tommy's hands, and the vigour of his manhood tingled into the feeble veins.

"You've got to stop talking that drivel," he said sternly. "Do you think that your mother will ever cease to love you, kid—or to forgive? You know better."

Tommy moved his head wearily.

"You're strong. It's easy for you to believe in God an' love an' all that sort o' thing."

"Easy!" Jim's lips were twisted. "Kid, it near cut the soul out of me. But it's all true."

"How—did you know?"

Jim caught his lip between his teeth, and his face went white. No man knew the story of that agony. But because Tommy desired to know——

He stooped over the boy.

"I'll tell you what I can, old chap," he said gently.

Before the next night Tommy lay in Rockhampton Hospital, with promise of four possible days of life from the doctor, and a big-hearted nurse—known to Jim aforetime—to coax those days into five. Then Jim went out, and bought the best horse within reach from a man—also known aforetime—climbed to the saddle, and swung out for the two-hundred-mile ride to the station.

Jim never spoke of that ride through his life; but the station-groom whom he waked at the second midnight did his bidding without words and in fear.

Then Jim sent for Tommy's mother, and she came, meeting him on the verandah under the moon. The dumb terror in her eyes brought his words in a rush.

"He's alive . . . in Rockhampton. But he's ill—very ill. Can you come at once? I've ordered the gig and Galah."

[Continued overleaf.]

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS.



THE VICAR (*introducing a member of his flock to the new curate*): One of my old sheep, Mr. Scroggins.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

"Yes," she said; and the big blood-horse was ripping the soles down the station paddock before she spoke again.

"Is he—dying?"

"I think so."

Jim twisted the reins round his hands, steadying the wild gallop, and the fences reeled behind—fences and ploughed land that were Tommy's; that Tommy had ridden over in his young pride two years since—that he would never ride over again.

"Jim, what is it? Tell me."

The soft voice was broken, for all the brave force in it. Jim spoke, not looking at her; for he dared not spare either himself or the woman.

"It is . . . what comes to many men who lead the life he has led down there. It has hurt him—bodily and mentally. A man can't do all he has done and look the same afterwards."

"What do you mean?" she said, in sudden sternness. "I would have you remember that you are speaking of my son."

Jim thought of the Tommy in Rockhampton Hospital. He did not speak. She caught his arm in a swift fear.

"Jim! Jim! It is more than illness. What is it?"

"You gave him to me to look after. I have not looked after him. I don't think he will live; but, if he does, he is not likely to be strong again. He is penitent——"

"Penitent! Jim! Do you know that you are talking of Tommy?"

The sweat was cold on Jim's body and his lips were stiff.

"I must tell you," he said. "He will try, and he's not fit. He went to the bad as a man only does go the bad in the Islands. I don't think he will tell you all . . . a man generally reverences his mother. I was away . . . and when I came back it was too late. So I brought him home. He is sorry enough, God knows. But he doesn't believe that either you or God will forgive him. If you don't you will kill him, body and soul. I don't ask your forgiveness for myself . . . but I ask it for him."

In the dark beside him there was no movement, no sign. They wheeled round to the long road that ran into the night; tore down it, past the rustle of cattle that moved in the long grass; crashed through a blind creek and out, and yet she did not speak. Somewhere the scent of new-turned earth and of wattle and hawthorn rose, very sweet and pure, to pull at Jim's heart. But he did not speak again. The moon went down in the distance; the road narrowed, and on the near left black shadows of trees loomed up. Jim drew rein at an accommodation-house standing clear of the trees.

"I ordered a fresh horse here on the way up," he said. "You will come in and let me get you something while we wait?"

But she put his hands aside in silence, and Jim understood that the mother refused the help which had been denied her son.

Still forward, until the dawn broke with flooding of gold light over the ranges; with fresh, sweet wind; with the gay mockery of magpies calling to the sun. In the merciless brightness Tommy's mother looked at Jim. Exhaustion had deepened the lines on the hard, strong face; the eyes were sunken and strained; the breath came between cracked, coarsened lips. It was the face of a man who knows the underside of life, and who suffers for it.

"Jim," the words burst out without thought; "don't tell me that Tommy looks like you!"

Jim glanced at her sideways, and all his pitiful stern soul showed in his eyes.

"A man does not sin and not show it," he said gently. "Tommy is a man now, and he has sinned. But not as I have done, for I have betrayed him."

"Oh, God!" she said very low. But Jim heard.

He leaned forward, cutting the mare's sleek sides with the whip, and the dazzle of white road stung his eyes.

There was a long silence, a silence that lasted throughout the hot, hard day, marked only by the stopping-places, set in the dust or the scrub, where Jim had ordered the horses to wait. The woman sat still and white, staring before her. The man rocked on his seat like a drunkard, his eyes and brain seared by the great washes of light from horizon to horizon, and the muscles of arms and chest tingling like red-hot wires. For three days and two nights he had not rested nor slept, and it was his dogged will alone that kept him in his place. Each hot-tempered brute backed into the shafts took toll of his strength; each mile of the way bowed his shoulders lower, and tightened the bands of pain in his head.

In the cool of evening, with the great gums sentinel on either side, her soft hands came over his.

"Give me the reins, Jim," said Tommy's mother gently. "You can sleep, perhaps—if you lean against me."

Jim caught his breath with a half-sob, and his voice broke.

"Thank you. But there's no rest for me till you get to him. You understand that, don't you?"

"Jim . . . oh, Jim! . . . tell me about my boy. Tell me!"

This was part of Jim's punishment. He took it steadily, saying such things as must be said before she saw her boy again. She did not cry, and he knew that it was because the knife had cut too deep.

"But if he once gets you beside him," he said. "And if he knows that you forgive——"

"Forgive!" Her voice was suddenly round with a great love. "Forgive Tommy? Jim, he is my son—my only son."

Jim's heart was sickened and aching when they came down through the dusty town to the hospital doors, fearing lest they had come too late. Tommy's mother did not look at him. Her hands were crushed together and her tired eyes were on the nurse, who came round to the wheel. Jim dropped down, staggering on his feet, and he lifted his arms.

"He is living," he said. "Come."

In the corridor he would have left her; but her hand was fast in his sleeve.

"You too," she said, and they went in together.

The young, drawn face was white as the pillow behind it. The lips were set and the eyes defiant.

"I told him not to bring you," said Tommy. "Don't touch me. You'll go away again when you know."

She slipped down on the coverlet beside him, and her breath came in a little laugh.

"I do know. He told me. And do you think that could make any difference? Do you think anything could make any difference; my son—my little son——"

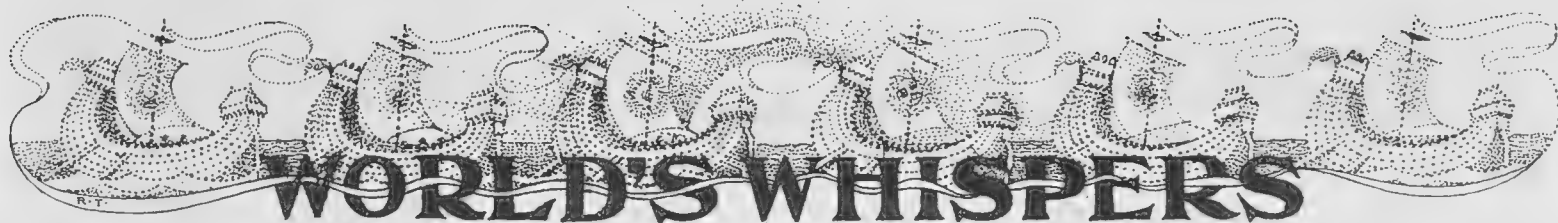
And then Jim turned and went out—alone.

THE END.



JOHNNY: Uncle, do you spell soda-water with a syphon?

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE new Marquess of Ripon is much more a man-of-the-world than was his father. Though so marvellously active a man of affairs, the late Lord always looked a little bit of an antediluvian. "That is Ripon or Rip van Winkle," a great personage, seeing him in the distance, once remarked. His successor has no oddity of appearance, unless it be odd to have a wife a head-and-shoulders taller than yourself. The reigning Lord Ripon is so good a shot that people are apt to forget how good he is in other things; and they may be a little bit surprised when he makes, as he is quite capable of making, a telling speech in the House of Lords. The title of Lord de Grey passes now into disuse, and a world without a Lady de Grey seems somehow a blank. Every inch a Marchioness she looks, and that is no small saying. On the day of her father-in-law's death, which occurred in Yorkshire, at a few minutes past eight in the

evening, she went out to dinner in London; and so little was she aware

that her title had changed with the fish-plates that she went on to a party, and did not hear the news in a telegram from her husband until some time after midnight.

The House de Grey Buill.

not always conform to the professional jibe at his expense by

forgetting the staircase, or some equally useful item, when build-

ing a house, and the Earl de Grey who was responsible for Wrest Park did his work very well, although Lady de Grey could not away with the leaden French statues in the gardens. The present owner is Lord Lucas, who, having no time to be a young man of great possessions, lets Wrest to the prospective host and hostess of the King.

Under a Cloud. The last dowdiness, the last frumpishness, is a woollen wrap; so thinks, so feels, the woman-of-the-world. Therefore the Duchess of Sutherland and her agents at her garden-party did less business in Shetland shawls, "clouds" and "fascinators" (for the fanciful dowdy ones and their swains give them these cheerful names) than in the strong tweeds and homespun that look so homely at a stiff price. The Duchess walked about for some time with a knitted Shetland shawl over her arm; it was hardly worn, it was merely carried, so impersonal was the act. And yet even so, her brilliant guests murmured, "What courage!"

Saints in Society. "Father Evangelist says you may still wear your diamonds," wrote Coventry Patmore to his wife, when he suggested to her that she should become a member of the Third

Order of St. Francis. Another of the privileges of becoming a secular brother, or sister, of the regular sons of Holy Poverty is, I believe, that you may be buried in the severe but beautiful brown habit of the Order, but the jewellery clause is unexpected. Miss Van Wart, whose musical reception in Curzon Street last week revealed an array of liveried servants and a general air of magnificence rare in these days, also knows she may wear her diamonds. She, too, is a Franciscan of the Third Order, but she does not walk in sandals, and her lovely jewels are such as St. Francis never saw in Umbria.

Probably Arboreal. The splendours of the Dorchester House ball outshone all the season's parties, and American hostesses can claim the first, the second, and perhaps the third chief social successes of the year. But still the Westerner has to explain that it is not difficult for her to adapt herself to the usages of civilisation when she arrives in London straight from the

reputed wilds of California, or, more likely, she does not explain, "Oh, when I was found, I was living in a tree," blithely declared Mrs. Potter Palmer to a lady who bored her with questions as to the wild haunts of her youth.

"*Pierre Loti.*" Lord Redesdale, a personal friend of the King, can

boast enough Orders fortwo when he appears in Court dress, and he has

seldom been seen alone while M. Pierre Loti has been his guest. The French author could not have found a better escort in making the round of London, and Lord Redesdale had the gratification of arranging for the reception of M. Loti by the Queen, in whom he discovered a reader of his friend's works. Lord Redesdale has himself written books of Oriental travel, and both he and M. Louis Viaud—to give Loti his real name—are deep in love with Japan. M. Viaud has given considerable attention to the Indian question, but his "India Without the English," has, unlike the majority of his works, never, we believe, been translated into English.

Sandwiches. Lord Portman, who last year challenged, by a second marriage, the suggestion that he was growing old, kept his eightieth birthday last week, and Lord Sandwich, who celebrated his seventieth anniversary on the following day, refuses to grow dry and stale, after the habit of the article of food that we owe to his ingenious ancestor. We all bless the memory of the Queen who gave us apple-charlottes, but how often do we curse the maker of the triangular disasters we must munch in certain railway-stations that need not be named.



MISS JOAN PETO, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. JAMES CROSS WILL TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



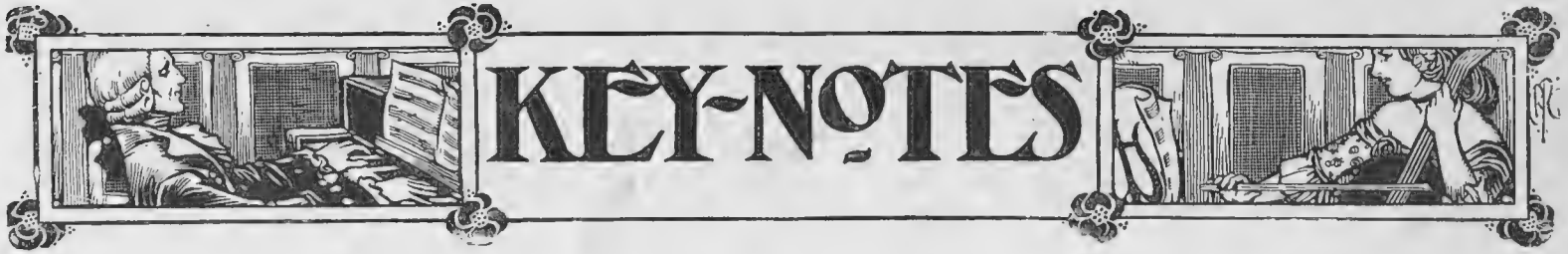
MRS. GEORGE J. WOOD (FORMERLY FRÄULEIN ROSA LONYAY VON NAGY-LONYA UND VASAROS-NAMENY), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH.

Mrs. Wood is the daughter of Herr Albert von Lonyay and Frau Mary von Lonyay, born Princess Hohenlohe-Bartenstein.



MR. GEORGE J. WOOD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO FRÄULEIN ROSA LONYAY VON NAGY-LONYA UND VASAROS-NAMENY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH.

Mr. George Wood is the younger son of the late Nicholas Wood, sometime Conservative M.P. for the Houghton-le-Spring Division of Durham, and of Mrs. Nicholas Wood, of Northlands, Chichester. He is Attaché at the British Embassy at Vienna.



The Composer of "Tess."

Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, who has now come before the patrons of Covent Garden in his own name as an operatic composer, wrote the opera "Inez Mendo," which was produced at Covent Garden twelve years ago. Three years earlier his first opera, "Jéhan de Saintré" had been given at Aix-les-Bains. In the past few years Baron d'Erlanger's music has made many friends in this country, and it may be remembered that Kreisler introduced his violin concerto to the Philharmonic Society some six years ago. Baron d'Erlanger is a banker, but finds time to compose music and to assist the work of the Grand Opera Syndicate, of which he is a director. He must not be confused with Camille Erlanger, who was born some five years before him, won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1888, and produced "Le Juif Polonais" at the Opéra Comique in 1900. Baron d'Erlanger completed his forty-first year less than a couple of months ago. In form his music is very modern, but he does not despise melody, nor is he ashamed of writing beautiful phrases that linger in the memory. At the same time, he has been affected by the teaching of the Schola Cantorum of Paris, of which Vincent d'Indy was one of the founders and remains a leading professor. It is this institution that is largely responsible for the use of the scale of six whole tones that is coming back into popularity after centuries of disuse. Happily, Baron d'Erlanger is no hard-and-fast adherent of any school of musical thought, but is content to seek from each the appropriate form of expression for his thought. He aims at sincerity rather than eccentricity.



THE ANGEL CLARE OF "TESS," AT COVENT GARDEN: SIGNOR ZENATELLO.

heaps horrors upon horror's head. At the same time, it would have been exceedingly difficult, within the compass of a single opera, to tell the tragic story of Tess in its entirety, and there is quite enough sadness in the tale that is told—and quite enough realism, too.

England and Italy. It is only when we turn to consider the place of "Tess" in English literature and the effect of stage treatment upon it that we are conscious of something being amiss, and the unfortunate truth soon becomes apparent that a Wessex novel is no proper foundation for an Italian opera. The music, however clever it may be, is well-nigh too complex for the expression of simple emotions. The gestures of the artists themselves are those of the Latin races, with whom the Wessex folk have nothing in common. It is just the greatly modified plot or part of the plot invented by Mr. Thomas Hardy that remains to us in Baron d'Erlanger's opera; and for all the undeniable beauty of the music, the interpretation of leading rôles by such artists as Destinn, De Lys, Zenatello, Gilibert, and Sammarco, the lavish expenditure and the capable direction, the fact remains that Mr. Hardy's "Tess" is as far removed from Covent Garden as the vale of Blackmoor is from the Levantine Riviera. This, at least, is the writer's opinion, urged without any wish to speak in

The Story on the Stage. In adapting Mr. Thomas Hardy's splendid story for the opera no attempt has been made to follow the narrative to the end, or even to leave the selected parts just as they were written.

The adaptation is a very free one indeed, introduces one prominent new character, and brings the story to an end with the marriage of Tess to Angel Clare, her confession of past misfortune, his reception of the news, and her departure, pursued by his unavailing cries. There is indeed enough material here for operatic treatment. One would not have cared to see the story carried down to the murder of Durbeyfield, and

The Albert Hall. Mr. Hilton Carter has reason to congratulate himself upon the results of the fourth season of the new series of Sunday Concerts at the Albert Hall.

Between October last and the end of June the London Symphony Orchestra gave concerts on every Sunday save three. The conductors included Dr. Cowen and Nikisch, while vocalists and instrumentalists were the best in London. Among those who made successful first appearances were Mlle. Alice Verlet, Signor Tamini, Master Pepito Arriola, Master Kalman Rêv, and Master Georg Szell. Throughout the season the concerts maintained a very high standard of excellence, and though doubtless the New Symphony Orchestra will not lack ample patronage, and will not fail to deserve it, there will be many to regret the passing of the London Symphony players from labours that have added so much to the meagre attractions of the London Sunday.

COMMON CHORD.



THE ALEC D'URBVILLE OF "TESS," AT COVENT GARDEN: SIGNOR SAMMARCO.

the terrible moment when the black flag announced to Clare and his sister-in-law, Liza-Lu, the lamentable truth that "the President of the Immortals had ended his sport with Tess." The reticence is something, if not enough, to be grateful for, in these days when composers seek a libretto that



THE COMPOSER OF "TESS": BARON FREDERIC D'ERLANGER.



Arms and the Car. That British firms experienced in that most exact and most exacting mechanical work, gun-making, should have taken up the construction of self-propelled vehicles must give confidence to purchasers of the cars such firms turn out. Last, but certainly not least, of the great rifle and ordnance-making houses to commence the construction of auto-

mobiles is that world-renowned firm the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Ltd., of Birmingham. The same exactitude, the same precision, care, and forethought which have been ever in evidence in the fire-arms and cycles put out by the B.S.A. is observable and present in the B.S.A. cars to-day. Cyclists who have ridden B.S.A. machines will feel confidence in the purchase of a B.S.A. car, assured that superlative workmanship and material must characterise the work. The B.S.A. cars, of which I hope to speak further in the course of a week or so, are built in three powers—14-18-h.p., 18-23-h.p., and 25-33-h.p. The chassis shown at the last Olympia Show was very much admired. A wonderfully sound job.

The Motor Union as Hosts. In addition to the bold front assumed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by the Motor Union in the matter of motor taxation, this energetic body have done, and are doing, the State some service by their *rapprochement* with La Ligne des Associations Touristes Internationales. Few indeed of the large number of British motorists who, driven from their native country by magisterial tyranny and police persecution, now tour abroad have the faintest notion how much they owe to the work of this Ligne for the freedom they enjoy on the Continent—freedom so great that it passes almost unremarked. The Motor Union, however, have realised its importance, and in recognition acted as the hosts of the Ligne in this country to the extent of chaperonage on a tour from London to Swansea—per rail and car. Mayoral receptions, garden-parties, and visits have marked the progress of the excursion across the kingdom, and it is felt by all concerned that the Motor Union has done well in this matter.

Trouble for Doctors.

Now that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has practically agreed to give medical men who use their cars in the daily discharge of their professional duties a rebate of 50 per cent., it is interesting to note the harassing conditions which are made to surround the obtaining of the allowance. If less than 500 gallons be used per annum, duty - paid spirit only can be received, and such spirit must be received in quantities of not less than two gallons at a time. Claims for the allowance of 50 per cent. must be made for not less than twenty gallons at a time, and the spirit must have been purchased within six months of the claim being made, while claims must not be sent in oftener than once a month. The certificates that duty has been paid—by which, I presume, the receipted accounts for the petrol are meant—must be kept and delivered to the local officer with the application for rebate and declaration on the



A DANGEROUS RIVAL TO MR. LATHAM: M. BLÉRIOT FLYING ON HIS MONOPLANE.

M. Blériot made a remarkable flight on his monoplane last week. He flew from Étampes to Orleans, thus covering 25 miles, and winning the Aero Club of France's prize for the best town-to-town flight. He travelled at an average height of 100 feet from the ground.—[Photograph by Rol.]

proper official forms, *signed in the presence of the officer.* The spirit must be used solely for the purpose sanctioned, and last, but certainly not least, any officer shall have free access to the premises where the spirit is stored and used.

The Inquisition a Circumstance.

Now I think this holds a very sweet prospect before our friends the motoring doctors who, not enjoying the voluminous emoluments of a Harley Street practice, are hard-worked to make both ends meet, and to whom the rebate on the petrol they use, hedged about with difficulties as it is sought to hedge it, is nevertheless a consideration. It would appear that the difficulties are of malice aforethought, and that at bottom the officials responsible for their imposition hope that few doctors of them all will stand all this flummery of red tape for the sake of three-ha'pence a gallon. The declarations remind me of Mark Twain's tram-ticket, which had to be punched with care in the presence of the passenger. The declaration must be signed in the presence of the officer, doctors, of course, being so prone to forgery. Then, at any hour of the day or night the officer may blow in and poke about in the petrol-store to see what he can see.

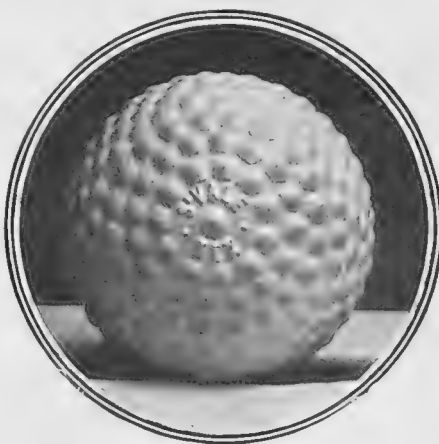


THE WORLD OF SPORT

Stable Secrets. It is noticeable that it is well-nigh impossible to get from certain training quarters anything like reliable information as to the doings of horses and their fitness for races to come. A certain race was won lately by an animal that was said to have done little or no work for some days before the event, whereas as a matter of fact the horse never looked fitter in his life than he did when being saddled for the race in question. An inquiry brought out the information that it is impossible for the tout to see the work done, and that the information supplied to the sporting press was given by somebody interested in the stable. This sort of thing, I may add, applies to several stables, and it is about time the betting public were acquainted with the stables from which information of the kind is retailed. The bookmakers have a pull over the public, as they know that when certain smart owners want to back their horses they are very likely to win, but the little punters cannot find out when they are backed by their owners and when they are not. True, starting-price coups are indulged in by certain owners, but, luckily, the layers on the course often provide against these by lowering the prices of horses running for certain stables on the off chance, while the stay-at-home bookies will only take very small sums about any horse within a half-hour of starting time. However, there are still starting-price men who will take big sums up to fifteen minutes of the start, and then they use the information to back the good things with their brother professionals.

Officials. Lord Durham has taken up the handicapping question, and it may be taken for granted that we shall soon get reform, as his Lordship is a real live administrator. He approaches a black spot with an open mind, and cautiously looks about for a remedy before proceeding to act. It is not in the interests of sport that our handicaps should be won by animals that have an advantage of, say, 20 lb. in weight, and I have always considered that this could be avoided by handicapping the owner as well as the horse, and never giving weight to a horse on his worst, but always on his best form. It is pretty generally considered that at present our handicappers have too much to do, and that the time has arrived to encourage new blood. True, we do not get any repetition of the Goldseeker and Tyrant coups nowadays, and a good job too; but we often see horses win handicaps

with no end of weight in hand, and, what is worse, their immediately previous form was very, very bad. But in all cases of this sort I maintain that the handicapper should ask for, and be given, an official inquiry. If it did no other good, it would put backers on their guard, while it might sometimes be the means of unravelling the mystery. There is no rhyme or reason in continually letting a horse down in handicaps because he is being saved, perhaps for a year, with a view to bringing off a big coup, and I claim that those owners who have once done this sort of thing should for ever after be treated by handicappers as though they (the owners) were about to repeat the dose.



MARKING WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, GIVES A MAXIMUM FLIGHT AND A MINIMUM AIR-FRICTION: THE HEX GOLF-BALL, THE BRAMBLES OF WHICH ARE HEXAGONAL INSTEAD OF ROUND.

Writing of the S' Vale Hex ball, the makers say: "With the new hexagonal marking of the Hex, now introduced for the first time, it will be readily seen that, no matter in what direction the ball is revolving, there are always a large number of the straight sides of the hexagonal brambles at right angles, or practically so, to the line of revolution, necessitating a much smaller number of brambles, and therefore reducing friction to a minimum and giving the maximum amount of flight."

from the course and cast envious glances at the enemy en route. The going of the bookmakers would mean a loss of income to racecourses, but it would get rid of the terrible noise that is going on all the time in Tattersall's ring, and visitors could then enjoy the sport in peace and quietness. I am not sure that the change would not attract the general public in larger numbers, while it would be possible to make the sport highly respectable. A great attempt is being made to stop the Tote, but I think it is bound to come in time.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE PRESIDENT NOTES THE SCORE.

THE PRESIDENT GIVES A LITTLE INSTRUCTION.

"BOSS" OF THE GOLF CABINET OF THE UNITED STATES: PRESIDENT TAFT GOLFING AT CHEVY CHASE.

It will be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt had what he called a tennis cabinet—that is to say, a group of friends who played tennis with him regularly.

Mr. Taft, in similar fashion, has a golf cabinet.—[Photographs by Grantham Bain.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The End of the Comedy.

There is no woman filling an important part in the comedy of the London Season who does not gladly behold the descent of the green curtain, see the lights turned out, the darkened theatre, and the spectators hurrying away to the tune of a loyal hymn. For on no

one does the strain of the piece fall so heavily as on the London hostess, the mother of daughters to marry, the beauty with a reputation to keep up—all the characters, in short, whom we see radiant, lively, and armed with every feminine weapon, playing their parts at both day and evening performances of the great play which begins in May and finishes only with the last of July. No gay and irresponsible bachelor in the rôle of *jeune premier* (who has only to dine and dance during these jocund months, without a thought of the care which goes to his entertaining) can realise the exacting nature of the part of a woman in Society. The wonder is, seeing what she accomplishes, that she actually survives to the end. If we only consider the number of times she must change her costume, the odious hours spent at the dressing-table, the horrible atmosphere she is

Strikes de Luxe.

The spirited ladies who go so cheerfully to Holloway Prison for the Cause are rightly convinced that they must do something picturesque while in durance vile to impress the public imagination. One has starved herself until she was let out, and now a whole posse, emulating the classical example of Mr. William O'Brien, refuse to put on prison garb or any garments but their own clothes. So far, the strike as a threat or a means of terrorism has not been properly comprehended by womankind. She might "strike" in all sorts of ways, and paralyse our civilisation. Mr. Baring-Gould once imagined a hero who always went to bed and stayed there when he was annoyed or perplexed; he even carried this practice so far as to refuse to get up on his wedding morn and face the music at the altar. Staying in bed is, on the whole, an unanswerable argument, and the kind of peaceable strike which would commend itself to many of us. We have not yet properly considered the most effective manner of conducting a bloodless revolution.

Our Chubby Rulers.

on the considerable quarter of a century hence. They may be busy with catapults now, but many of them will be ruling in Great and Greater Britain then. Smith minor, for instance, born into a family which takes to politics like ducklings to the nearest pond, will assuredly cut a figure in public life; while the diminutive Marquess of Broadlands—whose life at Eton at present is not altogether a happy one—is an obvious Viceroy of India or Governor-General of Canada. The question is, do we treat our future rulers with the respect or consideration they can assuredly claim? It is unfortunately true that the smaller members of the community are obliged to suffer humiliations at the hands of their pastors and masters and parents which, if inflicted later in life, would lead to actions at law or irreparable quarrels. Yet they seldom bear rancour, these pink-cheeked future Cabinet Ministers and Cabinet-makers, and so long as buns and toffee are plentiful they may be trusted to bear us no ill-will, and even occasionally to describe us as "decent." They know, to be sure, that, when we are laid by on the topmost shelf, their time will come.

At this season of the year, when railway-stations swarm with chubby-faced public school-boys, it is salutary to our self-esteem to reflect parts these urchins will be playing some



AN AFTERNOON GOWN OF PALE MAIZE-HUED CHIFFON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

obliged to breathe in the company of her fellow-actors by day and by night, we must pity this victim of a public which demands that she must always, when she faces it, be apparelled in beautiful raiment, smiling, good-humoured, and, as is the modern craze, never tired.

The Triumphant Hoop.

"Fashion," said a celebrated Irish wit, "is so hideous a thing that you are obliged to change it every six months." Be that as it may, it is a lamentable reflection on masculine intelligence that Man is practically governed by those who affect the flightiest and most eccentric modes. The Pope has been inveighing against scanty petticoats and monstrous hats (though ladies in these garments are never allowed to approach his Holiness, all feminine persons received at the Vatican being obliged to wear a plain black gown and a mantilla), but of what use when the modern ideal of women's dress is that set in musical comedies? It is an historical fact that women have never exercised so much influence as when their dress was most extraordinary, and the monstrous hoop saw Woman practically triumphant in at least two different centuries. Catherine de' Medici and Queen Elizabeth both wore garments which made them look difformed. There was no limit to the circumference of the skirts or the ambition of La Pompadour, or of Catherine the Great of Russia. Perhaps it was because the crinoline exaggerated their femininity, but whatever the reason, the political fact remains. It was not until the Empress Eugénie revived the billowy skirt that she seriously tried her hand in French politics. The crinoline died out with the disasters of 1870, and has never since been seen. It would seem as if the modern woman were determined to exercise her natural sway by some other means

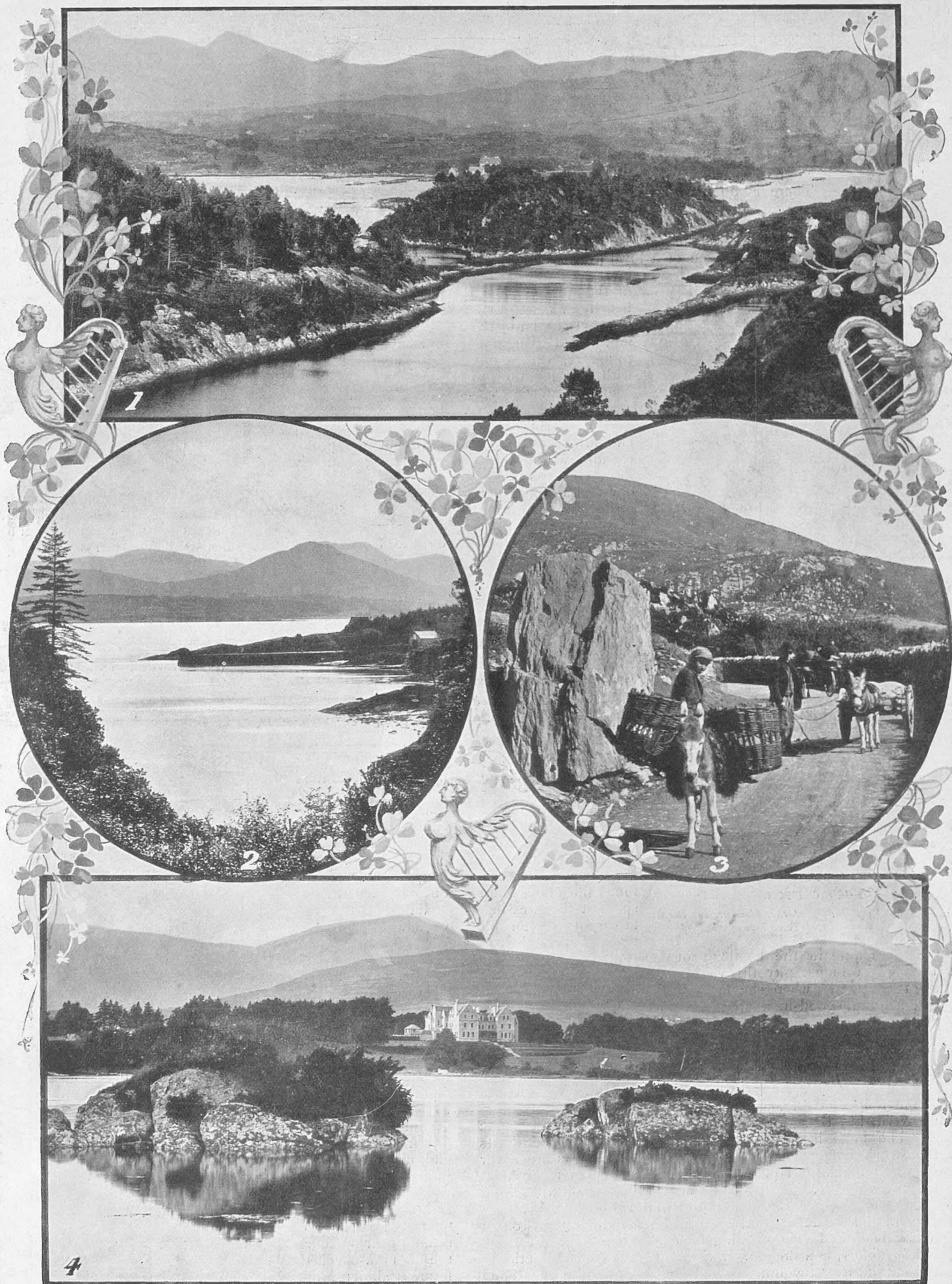


A SERVICEABLE COAT-AND-SKIRT OF TWEED

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

They know, to be sure, that, when we are laid by on the topmost shelf, their time will come.

LURES FOR THE LOTUS-EATER: ON THE GREAT ATLANTIC COACH ROAD.



1. SUNNY SHORES AND SANDY CAVES: GARINISH ISLAND.

2. BELOVED OF THE ANGLER: THE BLACKWATER AT KENMARE.

3. IN BEAUTIFUL COUNTY KERRY: ON THE ROAD TO DERRYNANE.

4. ON THE GREAT ATLANTIC COACH ROAD: AT KENMARE, SHOWING THE GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL.

Killarney everyone knows at least by repute; indeed, its charms have been so blazoned abroad that they have tended to throw into the shade the magnificent scenery with which the whole district abounds. The tourist, whether he be a motorist, or a cyclist, or tied to train and coach, should lead up to Killarney as a climax; and the most attractive route by which it can be approached is the great Atlantic coach road. Leaving the railway-station at Kenmare, the road runs close to the sea, but high above it, and passes Dromore Castle. Parknasilla, the next point on the route, is an ideal spot. It possesses a remarkably equable climate all the year round. The tourist will find good lodging in the Great Southern Hotel, its hundred acres of grounds, which stretch down to the water's edge, being part of the demesne lands of the old Bishop's Palace. Close at hand is the lovely Garinish Island. From Parknasilla the road leads through glades of oak and beech and, passing Sneem, winds up into the hills, keeping Crohan Mountain on the right. Past Cahirdaniel it debouches upon the open Atlantic at Derrynane. Then, on it goes to Waterville. The railway is rejoined at Cahirciveen. Inclusive tickets are issued at cheap rates to cover cost of rail, coach, and a stay at the Great Southern Hotel, at Kenmare, Parknasilla, Waterville, Caragh Lake, and Killarney, full particulars of which can be had from Cook's.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 27.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

WERE it not for the weather, the Stock Exchange and all its clients would be hauling out their trunks preparatory to the annual August flight. But the degraded samples which we have endured during June and half of July have led to alterations of many plans, and our own observations in the Stock Exchange go to show that anyone who is able to postpone his holidays until September is making all the necessary arrangements. If clients act on similar ideas the result may be an unusually lively August for the markets, but we hasten to add that we make them no rash promises on this score. "Contrariwise," as Tweedledee would have said. Business has fallen off to a degree hardly credible when the rush of May and June is remembered. But there the fact remains, and looks as though it meant remaining, too. We fear that the House is in for a quiet six or eight weeks, and the only thing likely to break the monotony is a possible — because unexpected — revival in the Kaffir Circus.

AMERICANS' ROBUST STRENGTH.

You tell us, accurately, what Steel are going to, and we will give you a broad outline of the immediate future of the rest of the market. A marvellous market! Ruled with a rod of Steel, the other active shares obediently trot after the calling of Mr. J. P. Morgan and that little crowd. They say the coming dividend on Steel Common won't be 4, but that it will be 3 per cent. It would cost little for the Steel Company to pay 5 per cent., if it wanted to; but we respectfully submit the humble opinion that to pay 4 per cent. would be rank idiocy, unless it were required that the price should fall. No. To dangle at the noses of the noble animals — call them bulls, for short — who are rushing after Steel, the possibility of an increased dividend makes a noble carrot, but to go and give them 4 per cent. would be to cast thistles before the — bulls, and simply wreck the market. A marvellous market, we repeat. And what is more, its prices will go better still. The rise is far from over; there is life in the old shares yet, and their motto remains Excelsior.

CORRECT ATTITUDES IN KAFFIRS.

With not so much as a breath of business to enable the gauging of the probable next move, the operator in Kaffirs has to take up a highly negative attitude, unless he happens to have one of those optimistic temperaments that are so cheerful to live with, and so disastrous for a speculator to possess. It becomes tolerably clear that the public are absolutely determined to do nothing without a lead from the big houses, and if the latter would be so obliging as to publish their intentions — there are our own advertising columns, for instance — the way would grow so much the clearer. In the absence of such information, we are thrown back upon estimates of those most closely in touch with the daily swing of the market, and there is an uncomfortable consensus of opinion that no relief from the prevailing dullness can be expected just yet. The market is not done with, so we gather from many sources, but its stale bull account must be further liquidated before the Kaffir magnates will put their shoulders to the wheel and give prices a fresh upward impetus.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDUSTRIALS.

Recent happenings in connection with the Mexican Traction Companies do not conduce to confidence in the various undertakings. It was in these columns several years ago that the prospects of the Canadian - Mexican - Brazilian concerns were sketched, and their advantages set out. Since then the prices have risen in a remarkable manner, but the time has come for considering whether profits ought not to be secured. The bursting of the dam on the Mexican Light and Power Company's property has been treated in somewhat airy fashion by the Board. The accident, however, may prove to be more serious than the directors make out, and for awhile the two Mexico Companies should be left alone. Rio Trams, Canadian General Electric, and the other allied undertakings are all moved by the same set of influences, and the only South American Company which appeals to us as likely to improve in the near future as a speculative investment, is the Brazil Railway.

TELEGRAPH STOCKS AND CHEAPER CABLES.

Shareholders in the various Telegraph Companies owe no gratitude to the Imperial Press Conference, the members of which put cheaper cable-rates in the forefront of their programme of desirabilities. That some practical steps in this direction will be taken is already certain, and newspaper messages to Australia at ninepence a word will be the first fruits of the Colonials' demand. The innovation comes at an unfortunate juncture for the cable companies, because the latter are not doing brilliantly, and the last few half-yearly balance-sheets have told a pretty general tale of diminished receipts combined with little economy in expenditure. Wireless telegraphy cuts into the older companies' profits to an extent already appreciable, and while there is little doubt of the cable concerns adapting themselves to the more modern conditions, it will take time for them to do so, and in the meanwhile the securities are likely to languish in price.

A COUPLE OF PROMISING STOCKS.

The stocks of the Interoceanic of Mexico Railway have been very firm on the expectation that its proposals for leasing the Mexican Southern Railway may prove acceptable to the Board of the latter Company. I drew attention some months ago to the merits of Interoceanic First Preference Stock, and pointed out that a Government guarantee of its interest was probably only a question of time. It is generally believed, in fact, that the Mexican government intend in time to bring all the railways of the country under their control through the medium of the National Railways of Mexico. One of the results of this policy will be that the National Railways of Mexico will have the reversion to all the profits arising out of the economies resulting from the various amalgamations, and there may be a very big advance in the price of *National of Mexico Second Preference*, now about 26. In fact, it is expected in some quarters that this stock will double in value when the amalgamations are completed.

Those of your readers who are in search of a gilt-edged investment, returning a clear $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., will find what they want in the Perpetual $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Second Debenture stock of the *Mercantile Investment and General Trust Company*, a small amount of which can still, I believe, be obtained under par. It is as certain as anything can be in this vale of tears that this stock will not be obtainable under 105 as soon as the whole issue has been placed. The capital of the Company now consists of:—

	Price.
£1,000,000 Perpetual 4 per cent. Debenture stock	102—104
£1,000,000 Perpetual $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Second Debenture stock ..	98—100
£1,000,000 5 per cent. Preferred stock	110—112
£1,000,000 Deferred stock	98—100

At the date of the last annual report the Trustees reported that a valuation of the investments of the Company, made on Jan. 31st, 1908, showed a value in excess of the capital of the Company. The reserve fund at the same date amounted to £204,000. Five per cent. has been paid on the Deferred stock since 1906. A capital of £2,000,000 and an annual income of £100,000 will have to be swept away, therefore, before the safety of the second Debenture stock is endangered. I venture to express the opinion that a stock of this kind is much safer than many a "Trustee" investment returning a far lower rate of interest. Q.

Saturday, July 17, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MARINA.—We think that the purchase you suggest is not a bad speculation, especially if general trade improves.

W. M.—We certainly misunderstood you, and thought you meant the ordinary shares—hence we said that no dividend had ever been paid. There seems an idea that a Preference dividend of some sort will be paid in October.

DONEGAL.—We do not think the delay in obtaining the certificate is at all out of the way, but write to the office of the Company and inquire whether the transfer has been deposited, and when you will get your certificate. The address is, Leadenhall Buildings, E.C.

MINES.—(1) We are very sorry that you acted on any advice we gave, because we never intend such advice to be taken as a gambling tip. We still think that B.A. and Pacific will reach a lower level. The note was written for investors and not pure speculation. (2) With regard to City Deeps. You have got shares in probably the best and most lasting mine on the Rand, but you will not get a dividend for, certainly, twelve months, as the reduction plant will not be completed until next year. The mine has an almost unlimited life, three-quarters of a million tons payable ore actually developed, and at least one hundred million tons are in the ground. Again we only advised the purchase for people who are willing to hold, as appears from the note in which the shares were mentioned. (3) Both concerns good speculative purchases if you are willing to hold for some time.

ANGLO-MALAY.—(1) The rubber shares a good speculative investment, even at present price, but a fall in the price of rubber would undoubtedly cause a fall in the share market. (2) You need not be alarmed about artificial rubber at present.

G. H.—If you would buy (1) Rio de Janeiro New Loan, (2) San Paulo New Loan, (3) International Investment Trust $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Preference stock, and if you like, Brazilian 1889 4 per cent. stock, or Cuba 5 per cent. Gold Bonds, so as to spread the risk a little, you would get the 5 per cent. that you want with every reasonable safety. We have doubts about the Financial Intelligence issued by the people you name.

MEMBER MINE.—The Debentures are quoted 89-91 at present. They have not been issued twelve years, so that we are unable to give you the particulars as long ago as that. In 1906 they were as high as 96.

EAST ANGLIAN.—(1) See answer to G. H. (2) We would suggest Mysore Gold Mines, Waihi, and El Oro Mining and Railway Company.

VANCOUVER.—(1) There is absolutely no truth in the rumours about the Birkbeck Bank and Building Society to which you refer, as "John Bull" has since admitted. (2) In the case of a limited company, you cannot be forced to pay more than the nominal amount of the share, whether it goes into liquidation or not. So long as the shares are fully paid, there is no further liability that can be enforced.

M. D.—Both Companies in which you hold shares are among the best. Of the proposed Companies, we think, looking more to the future than anything else, that probably United Serdang, Langkat, and Lanadron, in the order named, are the best.

TEXTILE.—The shares look cheap. A large number of the trees are not of the Hevea species, and the Company has to hold all the shares of a Dutch Company because of the difficulty about foreign Companies holding land.

CAREFUL.—All quite safe, but we prefer the stocks mentioned in answer to G. H. to the Timaru Harbour bonds.

T. B. T.—We will ask "Q."s" opinion and answer next week.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Windsor these should go close: Rays Welter, Wamba II.; Great Western Plate, Valens; Royal Plate, Haurdina; July Handicap, Submit; Thames Handicap, Shy Lad; Castle Handicap, Arnside. At Liverpool I like these: Liverpool Cup, Putchamin; Molyneux Plate, Orphah; St. George's Stakes, Mat o' the Mint; Liverpool Plate, Sweet Katie; Great Lancashire Stakes, Lemberg. At Hurst Park these may win: Vyner Handicap, Miesko; Foal Plate, San Antonio; Duchess of York Plate, Mirador. For the Steward's Cup at Goodwood, I like Malheur, and Romney may get a place.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

A Gorgeous Ball. The second State Ball was as like the first as one pea is to another. The Princess Royal and her elder daughter were not in the Court circle, otherwise it was much as before. The King wore a different uniform, the Queen and Princesses different dresses, otherwise there was not much to distinguish this occasion from the last. Some people are at both balls; many Duchesses, Marchionesses, and Countesses receive invitations to the second, also personal friends of their Majesties. Ambassadors and their wives—so many of ours are bachelors—are at the two State Balls; the heads of Legations go to one or the other. About two thousand five hundred invitations are issued for each. Less are refused than for any other known entertainment! Colours were as much in evidence as ever this summer. The Countess of Kimberley was in bright pink, Mrs. Willie James in apricot hue, Lady Knaresborough in bright mauve, the Marchioness of Lansdowne wore one of the few black gowns, Mrs. John Leslie another. Of the white dresses, the Countess of Stradbroke's and the Hon. Eleanor Brougham's were picturesquely lovely. It is an occasion demanding brilliance, so the wearing of magnificent jewels was added to by the use of effective jewelled embroidery on the dresses.

Beauty's Best Friend.

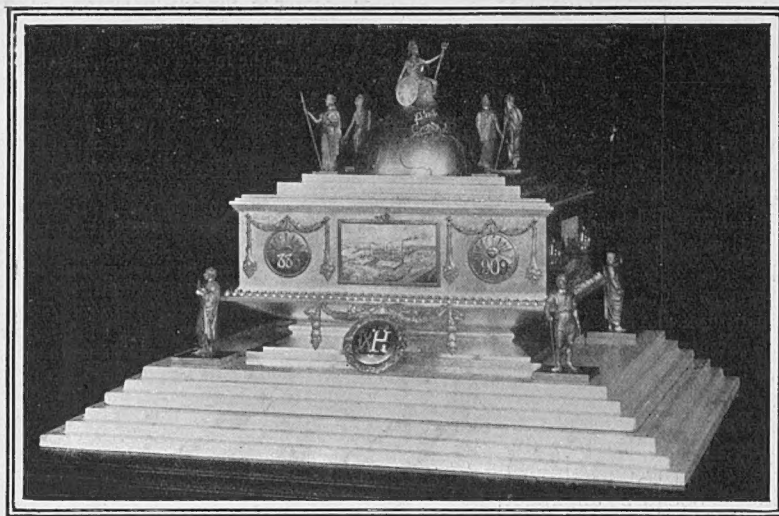
A really good powder is necessary to the loveliest woman as to the plainest, especially in the holiday season, when she is called upon to face sun and wind. Poudre Simon is in every way delightful. It is without bismuth, and is carefully and well prepared, free from anything injurious. It is cooling, refreshing, becoming, and preservative—if that isn't being a good friend I don't know what is. Crème Simon is another preparation in which beauty delights. The best-known French actresses swear by it. A little put on the face with the corner of a damp towel before going out preserves the skin when yachting or motoring. A bottle of it in a tepid bath after great fatigue has a wonderful effect. Savon Simon is quite a good soap, and excellent for all who have tender skins. It can be obtained from all chemists, perfumers, hairdressers, and stores.

To be Taken Away.

We are all busily arranging what is to go with us on our holidays. One thing that must on no account be left behind, especially if going where chemists' shops are not easily attainable, is a good supply of Scrubbs' Cloudy Ammonia. It is most refreshing to have some in a bath after a strenuous day—climbing, cycling, shooting, rowing, or walking. It is invaluable to allay irritation from gnat-bites, or wasp-stings, it takes out stains, and scours and freshens up travel-soiled clothes. It is, in fact, a friend to the human race. No house should be without half-a-dozen bottles.

Cheating Thieves.

With the exodus from town of the rich, the light-fingered gentry also go for change of air, and thefts of jewellery are rife from



PRESENTED TO MR. W. H. LEVER ON HIS MAJORITY.

The casket is in the form adopted in the Cinque Cento period of the Italian art, the body being broad oblong in shape, and diminishing towards the foot, which follows the reverse lines of inclination. The body of the box has upon it four frames containing enamelled paintings. The first of these represents the works at Port Sunlight, and on the reverse a village scene. On the two ends are enamel paintings, the first being Hulme Hall, and the second the Social Club. The whole was made in Sheffield at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's, the Royal Works, Norfolk Street, Sheffield; 158, Oxford Street, W.; 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; 220, Regent Street, W.



PROMINENT AMONGST THE BISLEY PRIZES:
THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP.

The cup, which stands over 30 inches high, is a fine specimen of the silversmith's art. The makers are Messrs. Benson of Ludgate Hill.



A FREE KINDERGARTEN AND SOME OF THE CHILDREN FOR WHOM IT EXISTS:
AN EXPERIMENT THAT IS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE FROEBEL EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.

hotels, rented houses, house-parties, railway trains and stations—in fact, all over the holiday sphere the thieves are active. Women are, for the most part, wise, and place their valuables in a bank before going away. They do not leave themselves ornamentless, however, but appear in quite the latest modes in jewelled hair, neck, ear, corsage, and arm ornaments. These are the beautiful and artistic products of the Parisian Diamond Company. To lose any of them is a trial, but not so tragic as to have irreplaceable family jewels stolen, or to know that a thief is battenning on the price of some piece that cost something in four figures. It is quite nice, too, to have a reputation for keeping in the van of fashion as regards jewellery.

Holiday Garb.

Pleasure-seekers

and workers alike, we are all thinking of holidays. On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a serviceable coat-and-skirt of tweed, also of an afternoon dress of pale maize-hued chiffon trimmed with thick embroidery and cord-work the same colour.

The tonic strengthening properties of "Wincarnis" are well known both to the medical profession and the public. There are, however, a large number who do not know that "Wincarnis" with a dash of soda-water or other mineral makes a delightfully refreshing summer beverage. It can be obtained in this form at hotels, licensed houses, and railway-station refreshment-bars.

In the wilderness of Notting Dale, under the auspices of the Froebel Educational Institute, a free Kindergarten is, all the year round, and under great difficulties, carrying on a most useful work, and we present to our readers a picture of some of the small children of the slums for whose benefit it exists. By great economy the kindergarten can, in a modest way, on the subscriptions and donations it receives, just make both ends meet, but there is no balance over for treats. The authorities are very anxious to take the babies to the seaside in the sultry days of August, and if any of our readers will help them with donations, however small, they would, we feel sure, be assisting a good cause. Hardly one of the small mites has ever been out of London, seen the sea, or even a green field, and not only would a few days of fresh sea-air be a joy unalloyed to all of them, but it would also be of great advantage to their physical and moral well-being. About £40 is required to pay the expenses of the thirty-five children to the seaside, provide railway fares, food, house rent, and other necessities, and of this £20 has already been subscribed or promised by friends of the institution. It is in the hope that the balance may be provided that we have been asked to bring this story to the knowledge of our readers. All donations should be sent to Miss Reid, or Miss Burridge, the Michaelis Free Kindergarten, 8A, St. James's Square, Notting Hill, W., and will be thankfully acknowledged.